

THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Auburn University

Fall 2000

**Election 2000:
Who you
should vote
for and why**

**Fiction
Poetry
Profiles**

Special Section:
Contemporary Authors: Advice and Anecdotes
-John Updike, Judy Troy, Tim Dorsey-

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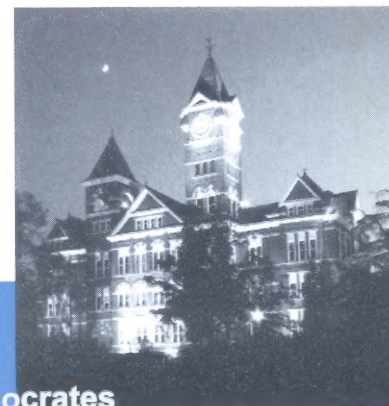
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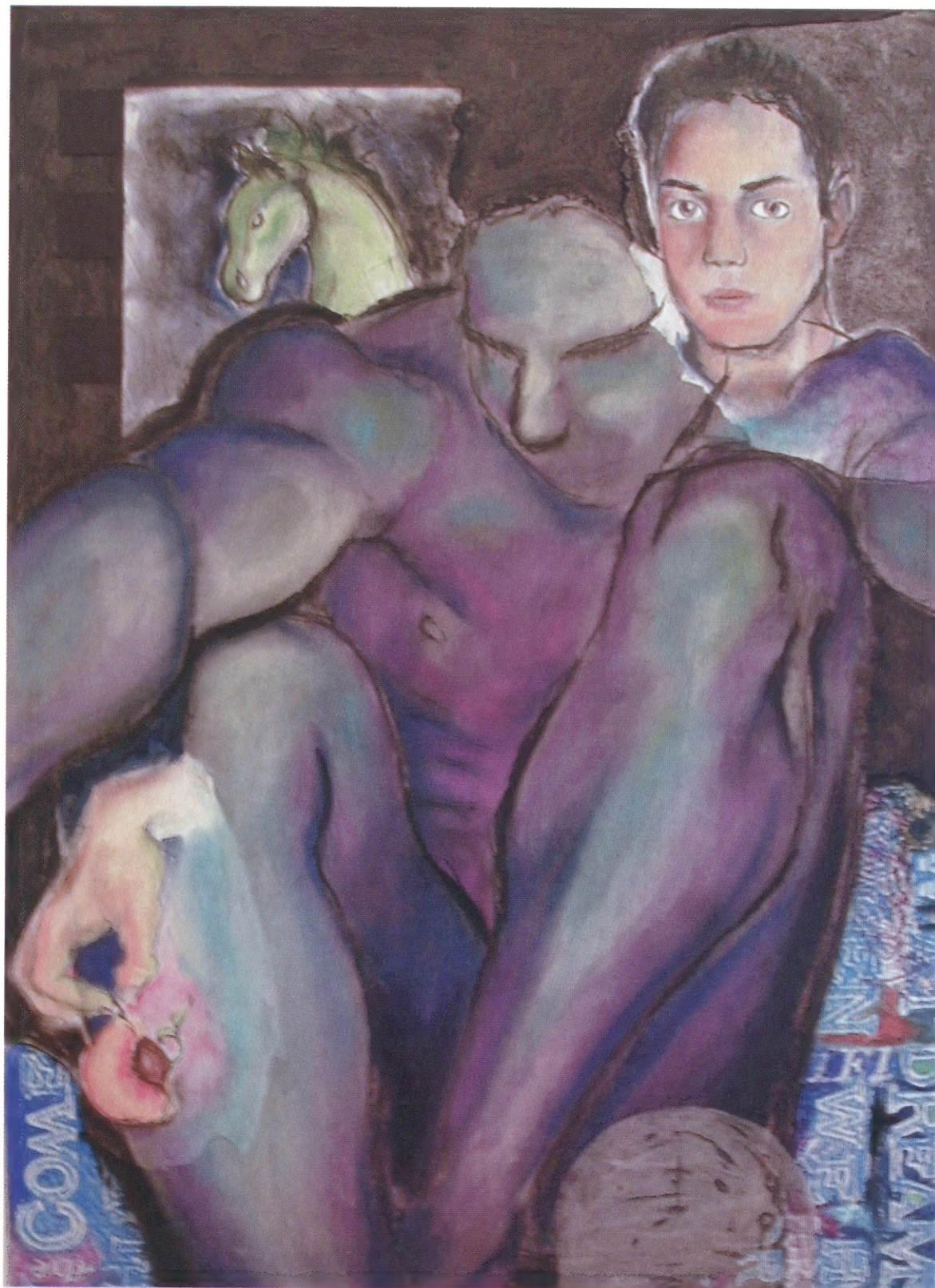
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**"The unexamined life is
not worth living. - Socrates**





Contemporary Authors

Advice & Anecdotes

stories by:

Scott Parrott
Nick Huston
Jenny Howard

UPON MEETING JOHN UPDIKE

by Scott Parrott

The walls of
Huntington, chipped,
white, draped with a single
scoreboard above hard
court floors, echoed the
words of the poet as he
delivered his message of
life, endless lines that
flowed through the room
and into the ears of the
listeners, who stared in
belief and silent exulata-
tion, sometimes laughing,
their shoulders bouncing
in a comedic rhythm as the
pale white haired man
spoke, reading from his
newest incarnation of
thought, rubbing his tem-
ple in belief as he smiled
and moved his hand from
his temple to his rear,
fondling his olive green
jacket that hung from his
thin limbs like a man in a
noose, dangling, jutting,
almost alive-yet not.

His eyes, content and intelligent,
much like his echoing voice, brought life to
the walls of the forgotten gymnasium, for one
night harboring the dreams of many--
listeners, poets, prophets, professors-- all
gathered in Montgomery for one reason, to
her their sage speak, the one they call Mr.
John Updike.

*Amleth for his part found her milk
sour- at least, he cried much of the night,
digesting it, and even as his mouth fastened*

Into the cobblestone pathway,
we danced, scattering ashes of billowing grey
chimneys turned from mouths.

Heads dropped, clapping in a line
as Death walked beside our meager time
and waiting, I dropped to the stoop.

The chapel raised, and lost within halls
I met the poet, word priest whom they call
Mr. John Updike.

Hands clasped, then lost in belief
that one day we'd share the common relief
and not wash our hands.

*onto her stinging breast he wrinkled his nose
in disgust. He was not large, else her day of
labor might have stretched to kill her, and
not ever entirely healthy.*

He stood in a lean-to pose, rubbing
his white brow like a child rubs the back of
a stray hound, repetitive, continuous, yet
seemingly fearful of treading too far and
producing harm, as though he held a secret
within his soul, one which no one could
ever understand except the poet himself,
who had lost

himself in his role as he stood, taking the guise of the entertaining public speaker, not wanting to be there, yet humbled at the respect he was paid, he the last of the group of children that once resided in the walls of the tiny offices of the once humble New Yorker, yet no more, now unleashed upon the world in a splurge of literary orgasms, yet each returning to seclusion and playing the part of recluse.

Always some small complaint nagged at the child- colic, a rash in his crotch, endless colds and croup, fevers followed by a long lying abed that, as he aged, she, healthy and upright most every day of her life, came to resent as self-indulgent.

A sickly child, waiting with selected prose, played with strings from her dress as the poet stood before her and the many other listeners, humming a tune to herself and giggling like a schoolgirl to her hoop earringed girlfriends, who stared as she displayed her book, which would soon receive the scripture of the poet and a blessing of such, and waiting as her

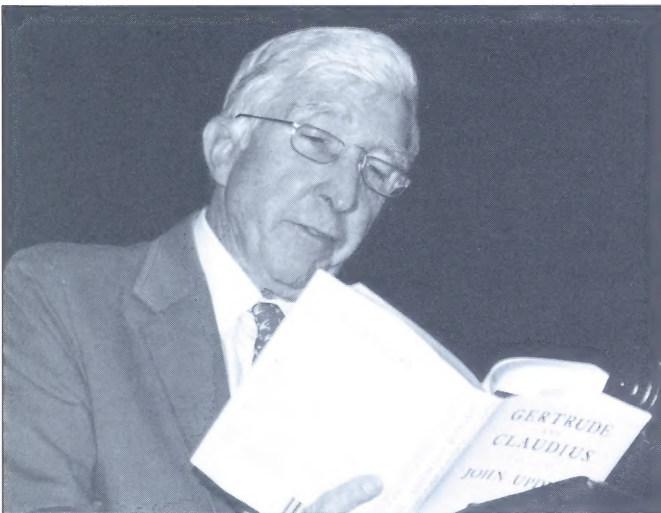


Photo by Camie Young

John Updike recently gave a reading of his newest book *Gertrude and Claudius* at Huntingdon College.

spectacled and sweated middle class parents giggled, she not understanding why, they not understanding her restlessness.

As the power of language and imagination descended upon him, the boy dramatized himself, and quibbled over everything, with parent, preist and tutor. Only the disreputable, possibly demented jester, Yorik, seemed to win his approval: young Amleth loved a joke, to the point of finding the entire world, as it was composed within Elsinore, a joke.

A decrepit woman, her teeth dangling in her mouth like a child from monkeybars, made her narrow shoulders rise and fall as the drone of a man of letters leaped from the walls. For some it wore on. For others, like the giggling woman of drunken ecstasy, the pulpit was gratifying.

Something held back her love for this fragile, high-strung, quick-tongued child. She had become a mother too soon, perhaps; a stage in her life's journey had been skipped, without which she could not move from loving a parent to loving a child... He was of his father's blood...

A bead of sweat dropped from the poet as he stood before his listeners like a sage before the tribe. He checked his back pocket, a continuous and repetitive movement, then stopping, checking the crowd - a pause- he scans the crowd as a sailor scans the sea, not alone because always surrounded by acquaintances, yet ALONE in his thoughts and worries and fears, making love to a seemingly hollow moment in which he remembers his role, the writer now the star.

His words crashed into each wall and died. And that was how he gave a childhood to Hamlet.

ON TOP OF HALEY CENTER, THERE SITS A WRITER

by Nick Huston

The lights are out. Bookshelves filled with books line the walls. Samford Hall can be seen rising above the trees through the window. At the only desk in the room sits a small dark figure. Judy Troy, 49, has come a long way from her hometown of Whiting, Indiana. Growing up, she never thought she would be a published author or a creative writing teacher at Auburn University. But after years of hard work she is both.

During the day the dark haired soft-spoken Troy can be found in her office, 9060 Haley Center, giving advice to her students and colleagues. As a teacher and writer, Troy enjoys watching students gain confidence in their writing. "It's so much fun to see a student get it," Troy said.

Troy began her college career with the preconceived notion of graduating with a degree in Psychology or something along those lines. "My mom was a social worker, and she wanted me to do that," Troy said. "But I enjoyed English, and I was good at it." In college she always studied for the classes she didn't need to and didn't for the ones she did.

About half way through her college career, at the University of Illinois at Chicago, Troy realized that English was where she was supposed to be. "My father always told me to do something I was good at," Troy said. "And English was it." Her freshmen composition teacher also encouraged her to pursue writing.

Troy graduated in 1976 with a bachelor's degree in English and a minor in religion. She took some time off during her undergradu-

ate studies and worked a few odd-end jobs. She was part owner of a bar and sold pantyhose in downtown Chicago. "Selling pantyhose was by far the worst job I ever had," Troy said.

Troy went on to get her master's degree in creative writing from Indiana University in 1981. "I took the full three years to write my thesis," Troy said. "I guess I was scared of work and the real world."

Before coming to Auburn in 1992 Troy had several short stories published in *The New Yorker*. Being published in *The New Yorker* is a top honor among writers. There are only a few periodicals left that publish fiction. To be published in *The New Yorker* a writer must be singled out from a large number of applicants. Soon after arriving in Auburn her first book was published in 1993. "Morning Doves" is a collection of her short stories. Eight of which were previously published in *The New Yorker*. Two more stories were published in other literary magazines.

Coming to Auburn was the first time Troy had been to the South. "I love the students here," Troy said. "They're so approachable and laid back."

Bert Hitchcock is an English professor at Auburn and has worked with Troy on several graduate student committees since her arrival in 1992. "She's a good writer and she gives her students a lot of time," Hitchcock said. "I really like her short stories." Hitchcock has had the opportunity to sit in on some of her fiction writing classes. And from his observations he



Photo by Camie Young

Judy Troy, an English professor, has published three novels.

feels she is a demanding and talented teacher. Hitchcock and Troy like to trade stories about teaching and writing since their offices are next door to each other. "I like learning about the small-town, rural, western settings in her books," Hitchcock said. "We also both like dogs. She has one, but I don't."

Troy tells her students that there are no child prodigies in writing. "You get better the more you do it and the harder you are on your writing," Troy said. She encourages people not to be in a hurry to get things published. "If your goal is to be a writer as opposed to doing writing you would be better off choosing a better way of getting things," Troy said.

Writing was something Troy had always done secretly. After she was first published in *The New Yorker* her father gave her the book, *"The Writer's Craft."* "It's the best book I've ever read," Troy said. The cover and spine are worn showing the use the book has received over the years. Troy has written three books, *"Morning Doves,"* *"West of Venus"* in 1997 and

"From the Black Hills" in 1999. She is working on her fourth book, *"The Night Season."*

Even though she has had three books published she realizes that her fourth book might not make the grade. "You can work on a book for three years and it not get published," Troy said. "You just never know." There have only been a few times in her life when she was able to sup-

port herself through her writing.

"There's just not a lot of money in it," Troy said.

Troy was awarded the Whiting Writer's Award, for her writing, in 1996. The award was established in 1985 to help aspiring young writers. She had never heard of the award before she received a phone call telling her she had won.

"When they called me I thought it was a joke," Troy said. A secret committee of writers and publishers chose 10 winners among a list of 100 nominees. An awards banquet is held at the Morgan Library in New York City for the recipients. Major publishers pack the house to get a first hand glimpse at the new crop of young authors. "I felt like a prince for the night," Troy said.

Only the winners and committee members know the outcome before the awards banquet. "They tell you on the phone not to tell anyone," Troy said. "It makes the night more special." The award has no relation to her hometown of Whiting, Indiana.

"Receiving the award was by far the second best thing that has ever happened to me," Troy said. "The first was meeting my husband of course." Her husband, Miller Solomon, is also an English professor at Auburn.

Solomon and Troy were married in 1993. "She loves writing," Solomon said. "If she ever has a free minute she's writing." Solomon recalls watching her write about 20 drafts for just one chapter. For Solomon writing is too much work, but she seems to enjoy the hard work.

Not only is she a teacher and a writer but, "she's as funny as she can be," Solomon said. "She's a great mimic. She can role play anyone."

Troy is gaining recognition in the writing world by being published in high school and college anthologies. Anthologies are collections of writings that writers and publishers feel are worthy of study.

Troy has had her books critiqued by several prestigious book reviews. *Kirkus Reviews* sees her book "West of Venus" as, "quietly genuine."

Publishers Weekly deems her as having "considerable storytelling gifts, notably a flair for pithy but telling dialogue."

Troy's stories depict the small town simple life of the Midwest. As she gets older she has begun to draw on her experiences to shape her writing. "As you get older the better you get," Troy said. "My major goal is to try to write a really good story."

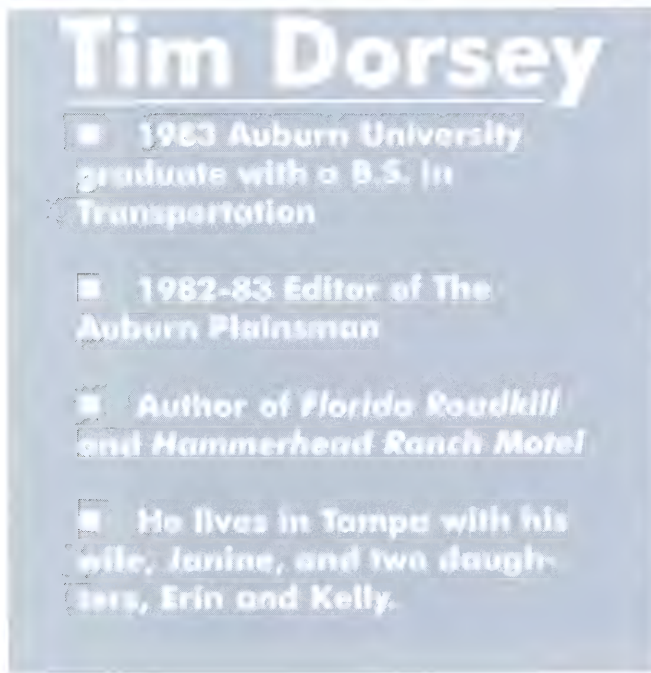


Kara Koscelski

A LITTLE ADVICE

FROM AN AUBURN AUTHOR

Interview by Jenny Howard



Q. What is the source of your inspiration for such outrageously humorous writing?

A. I'm a good laugh. I've just always gravitated to comedians and funny movies and books. I guess it starts by being a really receptive audience, and after a while, if you like it enough, you try to do it yourself. ... As far as the material goes, stupidity and hypocrisy are my two money players. You see all this loutish behavior every day without a laugh track and it's maddening, but if you can stop and tilt your head like a dog to the perfect angle and see these people in another light, they're absolutely hysterical.

Q. What kind of audience do you write for, or who would most enjoy your writing?

A. They're all things to all people. The old, the young, the rich, the dispossessed, the graceful, the spastic. Whoever is reading this: My books are meant especially for you.

Q. What elements of your novels do you pull from past experiences in your life?

A. Growing up an Irish-Catholic. Having an ambitious father who drove me too hard. Serving in the Navy. Running for office ... Wait, that was the Kennedy life. ... Mine was growing up Irish-Catholic, going to Auburn on Navy ROTC, going to football games, getting too drunk, going on roadtrips, getting in trouble for writing "fart" in the Plainsman, and riding a newspaper career into near financial ruin. The stuff of fairy tales.

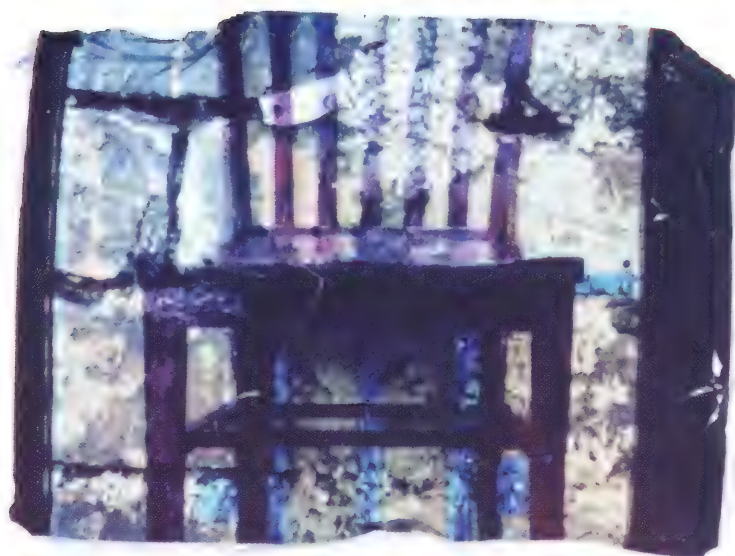
Q. What advice do you have for aspiring novelists and writers in general?

A. Ask yourself why you want to do it. Do you want to be a writer, or do you want to write? You've got to absolutely love the process of putting down the words. To me, the best job in the world is writer. The second-best job is doing anything else and writing all you can in your spare time. If I know I have a block of time to write coming up, I'll daydream about it like an upcoming vacation. In other words, it's a disease. Unfortunately, talent isn't a symptom.

Dancers
Oil on Cardboard

Jackie Morales

The Silent Chair
Photograph





Untitled
Acrylic

Lindsey Stroud

Inhibitions
Oil on Canvas



EXERPT FROM: FLORIDA ROADKILLS

by Tim Dorsey

In the first week of October 1962, Serge A. Storms was born at West Palm Beach Memorial Hospital, a Kennedy baby. Just after two in the morning, Serge's mother was in her room under anesthesia. His father nodded off in a chair in the lobby. The television showed a four-jet formation in the clouds during the national anthem, closing out a broadcast day in Miami. In the distance, a freight train clacked along the rails next to Old Dixie Highway, carrying military supplies to the Keys for the Cuban Missile Crisis.

They lived in Riviera Beach, in an upstairs apartment near a citrus packing house on Blue Heron Boulevard. The drug store down the street had a giant bottle of Coppertone on the roof. Serge's mother was a sales clerk at Burdines, and his father was the worst jai alai player ever to have taken the court at the Palm Beach Fronton.

His name was Pablo, but he played under the sobriquet "Testarondo." He made up the name and it meant the same thing in Spanish as it did in Italian, which was nothing. His number was seven.

His ***dos paredes*** were frightening
his *cortadas* a catastrophe,
his killshots deadly.

Pablo played, as it's sometimes said, like a man possessed. Pablo's returns were arguably the fastest in the Florida league. Accuracy was another matter. When brute force was crucial, "Testarondo" was a sure bet. But when merely vague precision was required, Pablo was money down the drain.

Pablo's lack of accuracy went beyond not being able to hit the target. Because of the curved basket of a jai alai cesta, even standing behind him was not safe. Pablo's missed shots were distributed in a 360-degree spray of rock-hard pelota. His *dos paredes* were frightening, his *cortadas* a catastrophe, his killshots deadly.

Every Saturday morning, little Serge sat with his mom in the vacant fronton audience and watched his daddy

practice. Pablo practiced like he played in real matches, full speed. The other players went through the motions, but Pablo ran up the walls like an insane man and sent the pelota whistling by their ears. After nearly decapitating another player, Pablo looked for Serge and his mother in the audience and waved. Serge thought his daddy was a huge sports star like Mickey Mantle.

One night in November, during the daily double, Pablo caught the ball five feet from the back wall and reached back with all his might for a full-court rebote. The other players hit the floor. Pablo let fly. He released late, from his hip, and the pelota flew out in the opposite direction, behind him. It ricocheted off the back wall and struck Pablo in the right rear quarter-panel of his skull. His casket was carried beneath a canopy of crossed cestas; his widow was given a number seven jersey folded in a triangle.

For his part, the energetic Serge soon displayed a precocious anti-social streak. At age five, Serge was picked for the studio audience of *Skipper Chuck's Popeye Playhouse*, a morning children's show produced in Miami and hosted by Chuck Zinc, the emcee of the Orange Bowl Parade. Each time something caught Serge's attention, he'd wander away from his seat, only be returned by stagehands bribing him with candy. During a segment where four sock puppets played "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," Serge ran up to the puppet window and pulled Ringo by his yarn hair. Ringo head-butted Serge in the chest, and Serge bit Ringo's face, which wasn't Ringo's face but the hand of the puppet-master, who screamed and cursed and chased Serge around the studio until the show went to test pattern.

For the next thirteen years, Serge's well-meaning mom tried to find a suitable role model for the boy and invariably took up with a series of thieves and pawn shop owners. The steadiest was a cat burglar named Henry who tossed pop flies to Serge through two seasons of Little League. The rest of the time Henry ate their food and slept under their roof. When Serge's mom got on Henry's back about carrying his weight, he'd rip off a house in

Lake Park or Palm Beach Gardens.

One night Henry thought he'd finally found his angle. He guessed he could hold his breath a minute, maybe minute and a half, and he made twenty-six trips into a split-level being tented for termites off Northlake Boulevard. He carted away enough electronics, silverware and jewelry to last them six months. The next morning Serge found Henry mottled on the living room sofa, eyes and mouth agape from a fatal dose of methyl bromide that curled his arms and legs like a dried-up toad in the garage.

By now, Serge's behavior had its own signature. Everything with him was an on-off switch; there was no volume control. Half his grades were A's, the other half F's. He'd began to hang at the Palm Beach Mall. As people walked out of a book store, he'd punch them in the stomach and step back in detachment to study the effect.

This last quirk resulted in Serge being classified a criminally insane by the Palm Beach County Health Department. Serge's attention-deficit disorder was the first of many hyphens. Obsessive-compulsive, manic-depressive, anal-retentive, paranoid-schizophrenic. He was believed to have been the only self-inflicted case of shaken-baby syndrome.

After graduating from Suncoast High School in Riviera Beach, he became a world-class drywaller, which paid no more than the ones who smoked joints at lunch. Other than the occasional beer, Serge eschewed drugs and alcohol, not from piety but because they made him berserk. If Serge wanted a recreational drug experience, he would skip taking his Prozac, Zoloft, elavil and lithium.

Serge functioned more or less normally when he stuck to his medicine, which he refused to do as often as possible. He seemed to know just how far to take the system without triggering a lengthy prison stay. The younger psychiatrists thought Serge was harmless and were uniformly fascinated by Serge's verbal tapes-tries. The older doctors thought he was sick and would end up killing someone. That's how differently they interpreted the incident on Interstate 75.

Serge hadn't taken his lithium and Prozac for two weeks when he woke atop a green information sign over the northbound lanes of I-75 near the Busch Gardens exit. It was morning rush hour, and cops and TV trucks clustered on the shoulder of the highway as Serge awoke to the locomotive in his head. He looked

It was morning rush hour, and cops
and **TV trucks** *clustered*
on the shoulder of the highway
as **Serge awoke**
to the **locomotive** in his head...

down at the semi whizzing under his feet and had no idea how he had gotten there.

The police closed down all lanes. Red and blue emergency lights flickered off the green sign. With TV cameras filming, Serge stood up on the light supports, cleared his throat, and began in an evangelical voice:

"There was no Disney World then, just rows of orange trees. Millions of them. Stretching for miles. And somewhere near the middle was the Citrus Tower, which the tourists climbed to see even more orange trees. Every month an eighty-year-old couple became lost in the groves, driving up and down identical rows for days until they were spotted by helicopter or another tourist on top of the Citrus Tower. They had lived on nothing but oranges and came out of the trees drilled on Vitamin C and checked into the honeymoon suite at the nearest bed & breakfast."

The crowd grew.

"The Miami Seaquarium put in a monorail and rockets started going off at Cape Canaveral, making us feel like we were on the frontier of the future. Disney bought up everything north of Lake Okeechobee, preparing to shove the future down our throats sideways.

"Things evolved rapidly! Missile silos in Cuba. Bales on the beach. Alligators are almost extinct and then they aren't. Juntas hanging shingles in Boca Raton. Richard Nixon and Bebe Rebozo skinny-dipping off Key Biscayne. We atone for atrocities against the Indians by playing bingo. Shark fetuses in formaldehyde jars, roadside gecko farms, tourists waddling around waffle houses like flocks of flightless birds. And before we know it, we have The New Florida, underplanned, overbuilt and ripe for a killer hurricane that'll knock that giant geodesic dome at Epcot down the turnpike like a golf ball, a solid one-wood by Buckminster Fuller."

Some who had pulled over nodded in assent that Serge had a point. Fireman unfolded a rescue net under the sign.



Photo by Camie Young

Tim Dorsey recently held a book signing in the Haley Center Bookstore for his second book, *Hammerhead Ranch Motel*.

"I am the native and this is my home. Faded pastels, and Spanish tiles constantly slipping off roofs, shattering on the sidewalk. Dogs with mange and skateboard punks with mange roaming through yards, knocking over garbage cans. Lunatics wandering the streets at night, talking about spaceships. Bail bondsmen wake me up at 3 a.m. looking for the last tenant. Next door, a mail-order bride is clubbed by a smelly man in a mechanic's shirt. Cats violently mate under my windows, and rats break dance in the drop ceiling. And I'm lying in bed with a broken air conditioner, sweating and sipping lemonade through a straw. And I'm thinking, geez, this used to be a great state."

There was a scattering of whistles and clapping.

"You wanna come to Florida? You get a discount on theme-park tickets and find out you just bought a time

share. Or maybe you end up at Cape Canaveral, sitting in a field for a week as a space shuttle launch is canceled six times. And suddenly vacation is over, you have to catch a plane, and you see the shuttle take off on TV at the airport. But you keep coming back, year after year, and one day you find you're eighty years old driving through an orange grove."

Serge's footing slipped and he fell into the firemen's net. He made all the nightly newscasts. That Friday, one station aired Serge's speech in its entirety in the weekly editorial slot. They titled it, "I, Floridian." The station sent an agent to the jail to offer Serge a contract for social commentary. They'd even build him a set. A giant road sign. He'd be "The I-75 Prophet."

Serge looked at him and asked, "What happened?"

GREENBOY

by George Edema Jr.

June 9, 1994

I woke up a year older: *sixteen*

As a reward for keeping my job
at Spencer's Grocery
throughout the school year,
my dad bought me a car.

An 84 green station wagon
with fake wooden panels on the side.

Not a rust spot on it

he says, ***and it is a V8.***

Great, at least I'll be getting poorer gas mileage
as I drive around trying not to be recognized

I smile

and invite the family to come along

for the

inaugural ride in Greenboy.

The neighbors come too
because, heck, if you got it, ***flaunt it.***

VIRGINIA

by Tara Tyson

Virginia is a pretty girl, though she doesn't know it. She is nineteen years old and has smooth skin and a thin figure. She got her tongue pierced six months ago, at a shop two blocks from her university's campus here in this small midwestern town, when Sam left her after a year and a half. A year and seven months more exactly, Virginia always thinks to herself when someone asks her the question -- I was his girlfriend for a year and seven months.

a year and seven months more exactly

On Fridays after her piano performance class, Virginia eats lunch outside, across from the chemistry building, where Sam and That Girl walk past. They are both graduate students in biochemistry, getting PhDs in things that Virginia could never begin to understand. Virginia tries not to resent the girl for knowing about chemistry, or for being pretty, but she feels a twinge of hate crawl through her stomach when she sees her with Sam. Virginia casually turns her head in their direction, carefully hidden behind her sunglasses, smoking her Marlboro Reds and eating. Each week she records them in her mind, noticing how closely they walk or if their hands touch, if they're laughing or silent. If he kisses her, Virginia turns away but keeps them in sight out of the corner of her eye.

On this Friday, the last Friday of the winter, which has been an unusually mild one, Virginia feels the cold of the air through her fleece pullover and bites into her sandwich as she waits for Sam and That Girl, whom Virginia met once, last year, at a banquet honoring Sam and other students for high academic achievement. Virginia never uses the girl's name because 'That Girl' somehow is more fitting, more demonstrative, like a verbal finger constantly pointing to show who replaced

Virginia in Sam's life. Sam takes That Girl's hand and they swing their arms, like little kids do, Virginia thinks, before they get old and start caring that it might look silly. Virginia feels suddenly both empty and full; she puts the lid on her soup and walks to Music Composition class.

Virginia takes her usual seat next to the British guy whose name is either Brent or Brett --with the accent, it's hard to tell. She realizes he is more attractive than she had thought before, and they whisper things to each other during the class, trying to make the other one laugh out loud, and Virginia is happy for the distraction so she won't think about Sam. She considers that maybe this guy could distract her even more later. They are dismissed early, and Virginia asks him if he wouldn't mind coming by her apartment that evening to help her with a piano composition she has been working on for class. He agrees, and she walks home, hoping he is the type who accepts propositions from a girl he barely knows to crawl into her bed and wondering if he is the kind that leaves as soon as it's all over or waits until the morning to depart.

When she is almost to her street, she passes the tall boy with curly hair who sits two rows in front of her in Chemistry I. He was at her apartment two weeks ago, after a party, and he was the kind that didn't leave until the morning. They had not spoken since; it was like that with a lot of the boys she brought home. At home, Virginia sits at the table in the kitchen, looking at the little photograph magnet she keeps on the refrigerator of Sam and her from six months ago, right before he told her he wasn't in love with her anymore. She had thought of taking it down after that, but she didn't; some part of her still wanted him around.

Virginia's roommate, Ruthie, comes in at 4:30, sweaty from running but radiating with that glow of perspiration and flushed cheeks that Virginia has noticed people get after they have done something that has taken a lot of strength and will. Virginia informs her Brent/Brett will be coming over later. Ruthie asks if that

means he'll be staying until Saturday morning, and Virginia shrugs.

"Just because they'll fuck you doesn't mean they love you," she says. "It doesn't even mean they like you, Ginny."

Virginia makes a face, like the one she made when she was twelve and her mother wanted to talk about sex even though she thought she already knew everything. She wants to tell Ruthie she knows these boys aren't love and they aren't Sam, and that's the point, but she exhales a heavy breath and goes to get the mail.

She sits on the front steps for a minute to have a cigarette, replaying in her mind the night Sam broke up with her. They had spent hours crying and fighting about things he already had decided for himself, but for a couple of weeks after, Sam would call her, just to chat. He even took her out to dinner once, and afterward they almost had sex. Virginia decided maybe he was confused, maybe he did love her. All these months later, she still believes a little part of him would always want her, and she creates a fantasy that maybe they would get back together years from now -- he would be sorry, but she would be forgiving, and he would ask her to marry him on his knee, and she would smile and agree.

She flicks the cigarette in the yard, curious as always that instead of sending the grass into flames it discretely puts itself out. She looks through the mail; there is a letter about joining Columbia House records, grocery coupons, and an envelope, cream-colored, like fading lace, with 'Miss Ruthie Cavendar' written in calligraphy. The return address on the back, Virginia notices, is Sam's.

Two things occur to Virginia at once: the invitation is to a wedding and Sam is not engaged to her. She sits on the grass, close to the remains of her last cigarette. She lights another. The reality of the invitation in her hands has the same effect as when Sam finally told her he didn't love her anymore, even though she'd silently known it for a while. She turns it over in her hands.

Virginia meticulously tears open the invitation, silently praying that it is a joke, that her name is on the invitation and it is supposed to be a surprise, that the return address isn't really Sam's, that something will still keep her from knowing he

really isn't in love with her.

On April 23 at 7 p.m. at St. Mark's Catholic Church, Sam will be married; Virginia's name is not on the invitation, because he is not marrying her. She holds the invitation in one hand and methodically smokes with the other, staring at the invitation until the words are jumbled into a mix of black on the paper. A car alarm goes off down the street for a few minutes, but Virginia doesn't pay attention to it because the invitation has overtaken every sense, even her hearing. For a few minutes, her mind is blank, nothing but black empty space, she feels as if her body is being so overloaded with emotion it has drained her mind of all its energy. After a while she touches the end of the cigarette to the invitation. She watches it burn slowly, parts of it turning black, then disintegrating, until half of it is gone. She folds the rest into a tiny square, and squeezes it into her hand. She goes inside, to the piano.

Virginia begins to play the first song she ever memorized, Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat Major." The song is lilting, and the left hand keeps time, while the right moves up and down the keyboard softly, and for a few minutes Sam and the invitation fade in her mind

she watches it **burn slowly,**
parts of it turning black

as the music moves to its first denouement. The room is dark, and Virginia closes her eyes because the song is too familiar to need to see the keys, until she hears something wrong coming from the bass: Middle C is a little out of tune.

Virginia plays through a few more measures, but she can't go too far because of the discordant note. Middle C is out of tune in the left hand, which keeps the beat for the entire song. She puts her head on her arms on the keys noisily, making all the notes run together in a disharmonious chord, and she begins to cry. Sam is not in love with her, and he is going to marry someone else, and a British guy is going to be there in thirty minutes and now Middle C, the note that holds all the others in place, the most dependable note on the scale, is out of tune; it is too much to take in at once.

She takes a Red and lights it, knowing Ruthie will come in a moment to tell her to take it outside. She smokes with one hand and plays Middle C with her other index finger mindlessly, listening to its flatness, its dullness -- flat and dull, the way she'll feel eventually about Sam. It has grown completely dark outside, and the only light in the room is the end of Virginia's cigarette, glowing fiercely, **waiting to be put out like all the rest.**

Photo by Camie Young



I SAW HER

by Patrick Crotty

I saw her
still amongst waterfalls
darkness in her eyes
thought of something to say
peered into my head as she walks away
and now reappears in a fantasy
I saw her
when I wanted to be
the one she could love
and dispose of herself
take what she wants from me
charity for her
Reminiscence showers down from above
walking away left me alone
I saw her
and thought I could take
The way she stands alone
give life to fossilized dreams
A sole desert oasis sprouts flowers in the night
we are the only two left
in the distance we admit
burden on my chest
words inadequate to explain
I saw her
looking that way
caught up in my stare
nothing I could say
would ever make her care
perhaps some other day
I saw her
And now I hear her voice
speak the very words
that I clumsily seek
stealing my shame
she leaves me
only half as weak

9 - 1 0 - 0 0 :

A LITTLE LOUDER

by Claire Rumore

i'm really starting to see what it means to
think globally and act locally . . .

the world seems to be rapidly crashing down
in caustic chunks around us. and maybe in
some ways it is. But, what does that matter
if i'm not doing my part by letting those i
know and love know that i know and love them!
If we don't build up a joyful solidarity,
spreading positive energy and loving
sincerity everywhere, commending others,
appreciating others, touching others,
motivating others. . .

. . . the YEAH the world is going to
collapse. but it wouldn't be a world worth
saving if it was missing hugs, kisses, smiles,
laughter, so we should do our simple part:
hug a little more, kiss a little more, smile
a little more, and definitely laugh a little
more!! because when there is laughter
in your heart, you cry for joy. you are joy.
and everyone around you becomes joy!

the world will heal itself, just as it
has been for ages. the spirit of this planet
knows we are inexperienced toddlers of existence,
feeling our way. making a mess as we go, leaving
a trail of havoc behind us. but the spirit will
continue patiently cleaning up after us as long
as we promise one thing:

to be the joy

a little louder!

TO MICHELLE ROOKS: A DEEPER SHADE OF GRAY by Julie Anne Zorn

To lose a distant friend
Still hits close to home
The pain your loved ones feel
Has now become my own.

The unexpected call
I received today
Turned my **overcast** sky
Into a **d e e p e r** shade of gray.

The clouds cried viciously
For **the Earth** lost a precious jewel
The heavens gained an angel
As the warm air turned cool.

Take your wings my friends
Soar into the sky
Live among the **angels**
And we won't let your memory die.



OUTER SPACE

by Sara Hyder

I am as immense as the depths of Outer Space. I possess millions of beautiful, bright characters unforeseen for many, many years by the people I encounter. I contain brilliant colors, ones that could not be invented but only observed and experienced by the wandering eye. Clouds of magic continually form within me, creating new energy, new dreams of color for tomorrow's viewing. In the depths of my character lie galaxies. A galaxy seem to only be a speck in the greatness of the realm of space yet, within them lie stars of their own, other worlds waiting to be discovered.

Although I possess magnificent orbs, there hides a black hole full of nothing, full of mystery. Yet, one day, unbeknownst to another, these voids will be overflowing, erasing the emptiness of nothingness. They will be filled with love, happiness and wealth outweighing all the gold of the earth. I command asteroids, comets of collision, of immense power. This command gives me the ability to harm another, to hurt something fragile and delicate as nature itself. Such a command is one of the great weaknesses of the wondrous vacuum of Outer Space. Though space seems untouchable, one day a vulnerability will be exposed, and it, like myself, will have to battle back and conquer as only nature itself can.

Space is so huge, vast like me, containing mystery, unexplored regions, new worlds of wonder. Those I meet will discover these worlds when they take the time to explore. Many I encounter may see my light only after I have left them just as we now view the light of a star a million years after its death. The people, by great chance, I meet will have to look through a telescope as the learned astronomer, because a microscope does my beauty no justice.



Untitled
Pencil
Jessica Shivers

THE BEST WORST DAY

by Alex Pack

Henry Johnson walked out the front door of his girlfriend's house, not bothering to close it behind him.

As he walked down the front steps leading to the driveway, his girlfriends Julie stood in the doorway and yelled, "Come back, Henry! I wanted to tell you . . . I did, but I didn't know how."

By now, Henry was standing next to his shiny red Volvo, with his face turned away from Julie.

His eyes were puffy and red. He turned and took one last painful look at Julie before getting in his Volvo and cranking it up.

Julie came racing down the front steps, still in her nightgown, to stop him from leaving.

Henry backed out of the driveway, and sped away. Julie dropped to her knees where the Volvo sat parked in the driveway. She put her hands over her face and began crying hysterically. Her long, usually fine-flowing brown hair was messy and she grabbed handfuls of it, as she cried.

As Henry drove frantically to work, he remembered that he had to stop at a bank to make an ATM withdrawal.

Parking behind the bank, Henry figured nobody would see him crying. He hated for anyone to see him cry, even Julie. It made him feel like a sissy. He sat there in his Volvo to gather himself before he went into the bank.

I've got to be at work in an hour, Henry

The thought of catching Julie in bed

tore Henry apart inside, especially since she accepted his proposal **for marriage**

thought. *Damn it! I can't let the boss see me like this.*

Henry wiped the tears from his eyes.

The thought of catching Julie in bed with another man tore Henry apart inside, especially since she accepted his proposal for marriage two days earlier.

After three years of constant love, attention, and careful affection, she shows her appreciation by sleeping with another man!

I wonder if she ever really loved me.

He remembered how they held each other. He remembered how the feeling of her touch set him free. He remembered her smile, and the fluttering of her eyelashes after he would kiss her.

To hell with her, he thought.

I gave her everything I could. I even asked her to marry me. And this is what I get.

"Damn it," he screamed. He slammed his fist on the steering wheel.

All my life, all I ever wanted was a

He **c r a d l e d** the pistol
like a baby, **while he slowly**
regained his composure.

woman to treat me right. I've got a good job, I'm financially secure, I go to church, I water my plants, I jog six days a week. I deserve better than this.

I haven't had a vacation in seven years. I've been too caught up in worrying about a promotion at work to worry about a vacation. I've been so wrapped up in Julie, that I forgot how to please myself. I'm sick of it. I don't need her.

"I can't believe this!" he screamed. Henry looked into the rearview mirror of his brand new Volvo. His face was pale as a ghost. His eyes were bloodshot red, and his bottom lip quivered.

"This is the worst day of my life," Henry yelled out.

"When life hands you a lemon, you should make lemonade."

Henry sat there, and his hands began to shake uncontrollably.

He reached into the center console, grabbed his Ray-Ban sunglasses and slipped them on.

It was as if nobody would see Henry was upset because his red, bloodshot eyes were shielded from the outside world.

But Henry didn't care. He didn't care about anything. He just didn't care.

Leaning forward, he unbuckled his seat belt with his left hand, while he opened the

glove box with his right and removed the chrome .45 caliber pistol he kept for protection.

Although the thought did cross his mind to end it all and blow his head off, Henry wouldn't give in to those kinds of thoughts.

He cradled the pistol like a baby, while he slowly regained his composure.

Without hesitation, he stuffed the pistol in the front of his neatly-pressed khaki dress pants. He tucked his dress shirt over the pistol, so it was concealed.

Reaching around to the backseat, Henry grabbed his briefcase and emptied its content on the front passenger floorboard. He got out of the brand-new red Volvo he was leasing and quickly walked around to the front of the bank.

The front door of the bank opened, and a man wearing Ray-Ban sunglasses and holding a briefcase, walked in.

The man stepped up to the teller's booth and placed the briefcase on the counter.

The teller, who was in her late 50s with poofy gray hair and a somewhat wrinkled complexion, said, "Hi. How can I help you?"

The man calmly pulled out the chrome .45 caliber pistol and laid it next to his briefcase.

He held his left index finger to his lips

and whispered," Shhhh . . . Be calm or be dead. Fill this briefcase with 20s, 50s and 100s."

She did exactly as she was told. Just as calm as he was when he walked in the bank, he quietly walked out.

His shiny red Volvo left the back entrance to the bank, without being seen.

Henry drove towards the Interstate, destination unknown.

Two things were certain: no more work, and no more Julie.

Now it was just a matter of getting out of the country and starting over again.

An ice-cold Margarita sure sounds good, thought Henry.

I think I'll go to Mexico. Yeah, that's what I'll do.

When life hands you a lemon, make lemonade.



Robert Brooks

Photo by Camie Young



“SPEAK TO THE EARTH, AND IT SHALL TEACH THEE,”

JOB 12: 7-8 by Sara Hyder

Take my hand, and I'll lead you down the steep trail to a river valley to watch a miraculous journey of nature. I hope you will take a moment to let nature breathe into you its tranquil serenity. Sit with me on this rock in the middle of Chewacla Falls and listen to a story of the simplest things in life. Let me start from the beginning.

Picture a creek, a spring of life, and watch as your mind takes the water forth in eager anticipation of a long journey towards unfamiliar realms. Listen to the water's naive intensity like a baby's cry for something new. It flows toward a destination unknown as the creek swells, becomes gradually more swift, begins to walk and sometimes stumble foreshadowing the great challenges ahead. Then, the water slows and seemingly stops as it reaches a pinnacle a great lake of possibility. Here the young refreshment becomes lost in the expansiveness. The shores are far; the parent banks disappear, as the water becomes rebellious with confusion wanting to find the way out of such massive possibility. The water acts similar to a child in too great a hurry to grow up; not understanding this adolescent journey will inevitably end and never be so tranquil again. I yearn to speak to the waves and tell them to stop, wade awhile, and enjoy the view for the next leg of the pilgrimage has no end, no childhood to run to again.

The water's new voyage begins as it finds the exit from its lake home and falls with crashing intensity towards obstacles unimagined before. I jump from one rock to the next, as I notice these scattered puzzle pieces are actually the obstacles. The water crashes forth at the rocks as if asking them to move, knowing such barriers will not be stirred. So, the water must conquer these gray obstacles, these stones of adversity, and I notice it always finds a way over and through. The water, after much trial and time smoothes the bullies, the very sharp rocky protrusions and polishes them to soft pebbles. Such perserverance from time and pressure makes a thing soft, gentle and more delicate to the touch. The seemingly unchangeable teeter falls victim to the stubbornness of the water to survive and move ever forward.

There is debris constantly colliding, clogging and confusing the water with its dirtiness. The water constantly hits the trash like a bot who's lost its radar, yet, at other times, it narrowly escapes the obstructions that are continually falling in or near its path. Still, when the leaves and sticks are choking the path, the water finds a way around or forces it out of the way as a boat in a swampy bog.

The waters can get very dirty and muddy at times due to a lack of rain, in need of a hearty cleaning. A shower of lightening storm comes from the heavens

and cleans out the mud, clearing the water's view. A difficult storm can make the journey run fast with furious panic, but, in the end, the body is purer and full of that unfound certainty that comes with the conquering of difficult times.

As we journey downstream, I notice small swimming pools, a break in the cascade, a calm before the next storm of rapids. Though caught in these dreaming sleeps, the water discovers the path to new chances along the voyage. Many times the water has a choice to travel through a narrow, winding gap between the rocks or through a larger gap with fewer curves, falls and far less danger. The narrow pathway seems to become the road not taken, taken only by the fewer, braver waves fighting for a different refreshing view. I notice in the descent of the water, rapid change that was unforeseen like inevitable death, yet these waterfalls of swift change carry the water farther and faster to a new level and closer to the destination of complete understanding.

At a fork in the river, the water collides forming a new, immense body of life. Waters from two very different journeys and trials meet at this beginning that has, ironically, come from some other beginning's end. However, before you can fix your eye on this delicate encounter, the currents of change separate once more. The waters begin to travel different

starts
small like a spring,
a flower bud,

roads again, some more difficult, others similar and most not by choice. Much of the water finds the same path again like best friends of fate; however, others will never meet again for the routes will be forever different.

Dip your hand down in the river and grab a fleeting palm of water. See the dirt on the bottom, see the cleanness of the surface? The water on the surface of the river may have the greatest struggles, hit the most debris and travel the fastest, but these waters see everything as it comes with a cleaner view, experiencing the journey head first like a high diver. Most of the water lies underneath, unnoticed and unable to see what lies ahead. These unrecognized currents are slower, dirtier, and at constant mercy of the water leading closer to the top. One might say the water on the surface is stronger because it reaches the destination first and experiences everything the entire river throws in its direction.

Water's journey starts small like a spring, a flower bud, then grows and blooms as our lives. The waves move faster and faster, experience huge rapids, smooth currents and bits of perfect calm. Our lives are a perfect revolution, "like a spring whose waters never fail" (Isaiah 58:11). The light continues to shine as the water flows out to sea becoming lost in the oblivion of heaven's ocean.

GOD GAVE HIM...

by Julie Anne Zorn

God gave him legs
So he could walk into my life.
God gave him feet
To leave footprints in my heart.
God gave him arms
So he could hold me close.
God gave him hands
So he could take me by mine.
God gave him a head
So he could think of things to tell me.
God gave him eyes
So he could see what he was doing.
God gave him a mouth
To press next to mine.
God gave him a heart
So he could love, and be loved.

But . . .

He took his legs
And ran all over me
He took his feet
And stomped all over my heart
He took his arms
And squeezed out every ounce of my dignity.
He took his hands
And held me too tight.
He took his head
And plotted against me.
He took his eyes
And cast false feelings
He took his mouth
And told me lies.
He took his heart
And hid it from the world.
So no one could ever love him
And he could never love anyone . . .
Besides himself.

IN SEARCH OF THE WELL-WRITTEN WORD

by Robert Voitle

The room smells of aged paper. Books and artifacts from years gone by are stacked on shelves that line every wall and then fade into the back rooms where customers fear to tread. In the center is a living room scene from the 1950s, seemingly untouched for decades. An old television rests on a black wire stand against a carpeted wall. A two-tiered coffee table arches around the front of a black couch with leopard-print stripes. On the table sits a forecast of things to come—the January 1961 issue of *Science and Mechanics*. A hardwood floor leading to the front desk only enhances the nostalgic feeling of the scene.

Bill Sherling stands behind the desk, his face worn from age, eager to greet anyone who walks in to the private, time machine he calls the Gnu's Room.

The Gnu's Room is known best as a copy and print store, a place most visited by students who need to add a professional flair to their latest projects. But Sherling is trying to change that image. The books lining the walls of his store represent only a small portion of nearly 10,000 books he has collected over the years.

"Basically, the book thing is a hobby that got out of control," said Sherling as he sat behind a table at Amsterdam Cafe, the restaurant next door.

Eighteen years ago, when the Gnu's Room was just a small addition to the local Wal-Mart shopping center, Sherling had given little thought to selling books.

"The initial idea was that there would be a number of computers for people to rent," Sherling said of the beginnings of his company. Eventually, that changed, and the store became the familiar copy and print store most Auburnites know today.

According to Sherling, there are more changes on the horizon. "Every college town needs a used book store.

Auburn needs a good used bookstore," he says, and he's set out to provide the Auburn community with exactly that.

The titles available range from "Catch 22" to "Gods from Outer Space." Many of the books are from the 1950s—Sherling's favorite time period. Others are books that he found in boxes and on the shelves of bookstores and antique malls from around the United States. "In Seattle," Sherling said, "there is a nice used bookstore on every corner. Sometimes there are two on every block."

Like a man possessed, Sherling hunts down old and obscure books using any means he can. The Internet has provided a new resource for book-finding and, whenever he travels, he has to make that one stop by the local used bookstore. "Finding a book is a little like a treasure

is a little like
a treasure

hunt," Sherling admits.

While his search for the most elusive book titles may never end, Sherling is quick to admit, "There are some books, unfortunately, that are a misuse of trees."

He has found a way to turn his book collecting into a business. But Sherling would no doubt continue to collect books whether they made him money or not. "I read every day and every evening. It's not nearly enough. Probably once every couple of months, I manage to finish one. The problem is that I'm starting a new one before I'm ever finished with the old one."

Sherling is also quick to acknowledge

who's responsible for his habit. "One of the greatest professions in the world has to be being a great writer. They help us figure out our place in the universe.

"Those of us who work nine to five," continued Sherling, "don't have the time to think of those questions in as in-depth ways. Thankfully there are people, in the form of writers and artisans, who do have the time."

A dreamer and a thinker, Bill Sherling is one of the few, proud book-lovers in the world. His love for books and reading is so strong; he's decided to share it with everyone in the form of the Gnu's Room-Auburn's new, good, used-book store.



Photo by Camie Young

Bill Sherling recently turned his copy business, The Gnu's Room, into a used bookstore.

Untitled
Watercolor and Acrylic
Matt Mullins



Crucifixion
Acrylic
Miles Davis



LIFE AND TIMES OF AN AUBURN WALK-ON

by Macie Holloway

When it comes to baseball, Sean Jones just won't take "no" for an answer.

It has always been Jones' greatest-dream to play baseball for Auburn, and he is living proof that hard work and will power can make dreams come true.

Jones, a 21-year-old senior in industrial engineering, tried out for the team his freshman year and did not make it.

"My first year here, I did not play. I tried out for the team, and they said that the team was full, and I wasn't what they were looking for right then," Jones said. "But, they said the following year I could practice with the fall team, and that would pretty much be my tryout instead of a one-day tryout. So, I

would have the entire fall to compete to be on the team."



Photo Contributed

Sean Jones walked onto the Auburn baseball team three years ago.

After vigorously competing in fall tryouts, Jones was able to get on the team as a relief pitcher his sophomore year, but he could only practice with them and not dress out for the games.

"I went through the season. Didn't dress. I sat in the stands; I was never in the dugout. It was hard to go from being a starter in high school to sitting in the stands the entire year," he said. "I thought, 'Man, what would I give just to be out there for one inning.' Then, my junior year in college, I went through fall practice, and I got cut."

He said, "It really hit me because just pitching one inning here at Auburn would mean the world to me."

Coach Baird, the head coach, told Sean that if anyone quit, he would be the first one they would call. The following winter, Smith got a job at a baseball camp Auburn was hosting for children. The head coach also worked at the camp. He came up to Sean and offered him a spot back on the team because someone had quit. Sean immediately accepted the offer even though it meant giving up the scholarship he received for working as a manager at the baseball camp.

"I had a choice to either play baseball and keep getting government loans, or continue being a manager and have my school paid for," Jones said.

"I told Coach Baird that being able to pitch in one game to one batter was worth more than any loan could ever be," he continued.

"A lot of the players were pretty ecstatic to see me back on the team. They knew that being out there meant everything to me."

The first games they had were in New Orleans. Jones didn't get to play. "I was thinking as I sat in the stands watching them play, 'This is going to be another one of those non-dressing seasons,'" said Jones. "Then, for the non-conference games, I got to dress out, but didn't get to play."

A couple of weeks before the SEC tournament games, Jones got his big break. He got to pitch one inning against Davidson University.

Jones described the event. "That was one of my highest points – him calling me to the bull-pen. My butterflies were running pretty good. I pitched one inning, and two weeks later I made the traveling team. I didn't do well. I had one strike-out and gave up about two hits, but I guess I did well enough to make the travelling team."

There are 35 players on the team and only 25 get to travel to the SEC games. The traveling team gets to play against all of the major colleges.

"I made it up to another plateau, and I wasn't expecting to pitch in the SEC games," said Jones, "but my time comes, and I pitch again – and I pitch again -- and I pitch again. I pitched against Alabama, LSU, South Carolina, Ole Miss ... We went to Regionals. We lost, but it was the best year of my life as far as reaching my goals and experiencing what I wanted to experience here."

Scott Duvall, Jones' roommate and administrative assistant for the Auburn baseball team, said, "He's one of the hardest working people on the team, and he's a good leader."

Tiffany Evans, a fellow classmate of Jones, can vouch for that. "Sean has been the leader of many group projects in our engineer-

ing classes," said Evans. "He is very smart, and he has a good sense of humor."

Because Jones is not on scholarship for baseball, he is in constant competition with the other players to keep his spot.

Balancing the constant competition with his school work is not easy. Jones describes it as "very demanding."

Jones graduated Valedictorian of his high school, Ben C. Rain. In high school, Jones was a utility player, which meant he played many different positions on the baseball team, but he mostly pitched and played shortstop.

Jones currently has a 2.9 grade point average in industrial engineering, and he says "it's still going up."

"With baseball, my G.P.A. has really suffered," Jones said. "Fall isn't too bad, but Spring is a different story." Fall practice keeps him busy from 2 p.m. to around 6:30 p.m. six days a week. Because he is a pitcher, he has to warm up his arm before pitching and ice it down afterwards. Jones has a rotator-cuff injury in his pitching arm.

"There are a lot of other things that go along with pitching as well. I have to go, on my own time, to the trainer room to get steam electrical therapy, ultrasound, and ice therapy."

The practice hours during the spring season are even more demanding. Practice hours are "whenever we're not playing in a game," Jones said. "We play home games on Tuesdays at 4 p.m., Friday nights at 6:30 p.m., Saturdays at 2 p.m., and Sundays at 1:30 p.m."

Jones goes directly to the games after school. Even though the games only last three hours, the players are there anywhere from five to six hours.

For away games, the team leaves on

Thursday, which means Jones misses classes on Thursday and Friday. They return on Sunday night.

One road trip was especially hard. “We went to Arkansas,” Jones said. “And got back Sunday night around 3 a.m.”

In academics, Jones chose industrial engineering because he got invited to their open house. He really liked the department head and all of the professors, he said. But the work

It has always been Jones’
greatest dream
to play **baseball** for **Auburn** . . .

is hard. If he gets an assignment, he has to do it that day. He said he often stays up very late at night to complete everything.

The athletic department offers free tutoring for any subject. Jones has used both the tutors in the athletic department and those offered by the college of engineering.

“One time, I ended up having to drop a class five days before finals because of baseball and traveling so much. I was a project behind. I had a final in five days. I was behind on two labs, and currently working on a third lab, and I had three other classes.”

Jones says many of the students who graduate in industrial engineering go into consulting agencies. They come up with ideas for facility layout, quality control, or inventory control. He is also looking into ergonomics, which is the design of items in the home or office.

When asked to give an example of what he might be doing, Jones replied, “If a desk was my work station, I could make a keyboard

the right height for a person, or make the chair have the arms at the right height. I would try to eliminate glare on the monitor, and illuminate the room at the right illumination.”

With all of the hard work, Jones often needs a break. He said he enjoys going out from time to time if there is a good band, but he can’t stay out late because he has class at 8 a.m.

When Jones has spare time he likes to spend it outdoors. He likes to go deep-sea fishing and mountain-bike riding. He also said that he is a good cook.

“When my roommates buy food, I cook it.” He said that he even cooks for his mother when he goes home.

Both on and off the field, Jones works hard. David J. Szymanski, exercise physiologist for the Auburn baseball team, said, “I worked with Sean all of this past summer, which was approximately 14 weeks. He was one of the only two players who never missed prac-

... and he is living proof
that **hard work** and **will power**
can make
dreams come true.

tice.”

“He was in school just like everybody else, but he was always there,” said Szymanski. “Whenever he’s involved in anything, he’s always giving his best effort. I know that I don’t have to worry about Sean Jones.”

Jones says he would love to play in the Minor League “Obviously I’m not good enough for the Majors, and I know that and accept it, but I’m part of the Auburn baseball team, and I’ll do what it takes to win,” said Jones. “I’m not there for me; I’m there for my team.”

LIBERATION

by Tara Tyson

He lies below me perpendicular
to my body
forming a crude
right angle
the echo of my mother's voice about
the things nice girls wouldn't do
competes with his panting as
the inside of me intoxicates him
to the point
he forgets I'm there
What a poet my mother must be
ascribing significance to the most base
human pleasure
he turns his hips with the subtlety of a dancer who
can't discern his partner's rhythm
as I recall how I believed my mother
before I knew
bodies intertwined
don't have to mean anything

FEATHERS OF LIFE

by J. Keys

I walk along grassy plains of life
Searching
Adventuring
Thinking
Asking
There is loneliness
Happiness
But the details make all of these things worth their while

It always happens when you're just walking
You can't plan it
That's what makes it so wonderful
That's what makes it so mysterious
That's what makes you continue . . .

Perhaps because you want to find the end answer
Or ultimately, hope there is no answer
Because discovering is so much more . . .
Just so much more

Symbols that we create as icons of strength, pride, etc.
Are nothing
Symbols that create us, the strength in us, the pride in us . . . etc.
Are everything
They can be anything

Simple is relevant
Truth is universal
In one moment life changes
But remains the same
One detail so beautiful, smooth, with a hinted blue streak
And another, white-tipped, torn and tattered, disfigured.
Beaten, some would say.
It is not perfect by my standard, someone would say.

But in my eyes so much more
It is weathered, it knows, it has seen, and by far . . .
It has lived.
It has lived to the far reaches of its existence.
It has given.

In this symbol
I see me.
I was once beautiful, smooth, with a hinted blue streak.
Now I am white-tipped, torn and tattered . . . disfigured. . .
But I am true, strong, still beautiful and will live my existence
to the far reaches of
eternity
. . . and beyond.

I walk along grassy plains of life
Searching
Adventuring
Thinking
Asking
There is life
And it is the details that make all things worth their while.

UNTITLED

by Patrick Crotty

Heat caressing the guilty party, I thought I found a way,
Out of the frozen temper of my own tormented body.
Today is just another day in a row of strange days,
ashtray landfills collecting the decay.
Breath haunts the newcomer
Together they find a way
Beauty haunts her, and I turn away.
Restlessness is so boring.
Will I turn into my enemy's patriot?
Just what I used to say.
Lying on a face word danger
Waiting for the bomb to take me another day,
in a row of strange, restless days.
Read not the face of danger, ash trays blown away,
Poke a head out the window and feel what I say.
This strange row of days seen in a mirror
Cutting apart almighty pieces.
Returning already --
Sunday, the strangest day.
Breaking and bleeding;
To me, it would not say.
The warmth I feel can only last until now.
Tear me into another place
Dreams coming true as fear floods away.
Nourishing healthy priceless bodies
Criss-crossing tree branches camouflaging
Red roof-top across the street
Wind shakes the bridge down between me and every last one of everyone I see
Now back to what I'm saying
These words penetrate into what I do and how I be
in every situation instigating the call for it all
and comes down to where I am and what I see.

ALL OF MY STRIFE

by Julie Anne Zorn

I'll give credit
Where credit is due
And there is something
For which I credit to you.
I credit you
With something so deep
That no one can know
That secret I'll keep.
All along
When you played with my mind
I overlooked the greatest guy
Because you made me blind.
I discovered the truth
That he liked me
And when I'd cry to him
He was filled with jealousy.
Jealous because of
My feelings for you
Jealous because
He knew the truth.
He knew you'd hurt me
Time and again
He thought I'd never
Have feelings for him
Now my chance is gone
And so is the love of my life
How I wish I could avenge
All of my strife.

I HAD A DREAM

by Sara Hyder

I had a dream last night
And you were in it
Even though I don't know who you are.

Your smile was so intoxicating,
Your eyes, they took my breath away.
As your hand went in mine,
I melted and . . .
Your arm around my waist was truly divine --
A Heaven only fit for my dreams.

Every word you said, I believed.
Every mention of your name brought
A smile to my lips, my eyes, my heart.
You overwhelmed my every emotion,
Every cell in my body was on fire.

I remember your face but it's fading,
It's fading, and I'm scared.
You were so wonderful, so beautiful
And you actually thought I was, too.

I want to spend forever with you.
You . . . the Man of My Dreams
That was only in my dreams.

UNICORNS

by Holly Heckman

Sometimes, I lie
awake
of Myself.

Afraid

Why don't I shine
through the glass sunset?

I scream for you.

**And search through the echoes in the
darkness.**

My spirit loves your spirit.
But these we often hide
Even though we try to touch.

Sometimes it is hard to grasp
the STARS . . . **with ourselves** . . .
in the way.

I often kill my own unicorns.

LONG AFTER

by Michelle L. Stephens

Long after it's over
 The feeling still remains
Vague, but still there
 It's hard to explain

When you thought you'd never get over him
 And you finally see that you can
 Even though he still holds your heart
Long after he stopped holding your hand

You still feel his gaze
Long after his eyes stopped gazing
 And you still taste his kiss
Long after his lips stopped kissing

Long after, your heartaches mend
 The scars still remain
 And when you think back
 Your heart flutters just the same

UNTITLED

by Patrick Crotty

Watching another walk away
One I used to think, I wanted to try.
But it just shames my name
to think of all those gorgeous days and times.
You used to say that
 you could never be my enemy
 what kind of friend to me?
 and this intimacy that I see . . .
 dreaming.

Like music bursting into the air, I saw freedom.
Water running down dry desert roses.
Life-giving touch on my face
You used to touch and give life to me
with a passion
as a mother to child gives affection and purpose for
disposable life to come.
Just by breathing, you showed,
with the voice I hear
when you're singing,
how to forget mistakes.
Honey kisses drip from my eyes-
the only thing I give you, but I am blind.

THE CAGE

by Holly Heckman

I stand in the darkness alone.
Not in fear, not in anger,
But waiting.

I scream,
A loud screech that fills the nights with horror,
Though I am not afraid.

I speak.
Though all around me do not hear.
I am not there, yet there I stand,
In solitude.

The night speaks to me,
A welcome voice in the darkness,
Yet I am still alone.

I cry in defiance against this solitude,
And yet they still do not hear.

And I want something,
Something words do not know,
Something humans haven't met.

I stand alone in the darkness and all around me is still,
While I am alive with rebellion against those who ignore me
When I ask for this immortal thing,

This thing that is beyond the concept of man,
That I do not even know,
Yet still I ask.

A sudden realization,
That all around me have left,
And they still do not know, do not hear,
And I still stand in the darkness all alone.



Photo by Camie Young

WHAT'S THAT ERNEST? YOU'LL TRY WITH YOUR TOE?

by Scott Parrott

The single room tenement was in the downtown section of the city. Little light came through its windows and onto the delapidated wooden floor. A bed lay in the corner of the room, across from a cushioned chair. The young man lay on the bed and the girl sat in the chair, smoking. It was cold in the room, and the stove was turned on for heat.

"My father would kill you if he found out about this," the girl said. She had taken her wool sweater and draped it over her shoulders.

"That would do little for me," the man said. "Come on over here and sit on the bed."

"He would probably sue you first," she said. "My father could take everything you own."

The man sat up in the bed. "Well, so be it," he said. "I've nothing to offer anyway. Come sit with me."

The girl placed her cigarette in a clay ashtray beside the chair. She then sat beside the man.

"Say you love me," the young man said, placing his hand on the girl's neck.

The girl was looking at a painting that stood near the window. Light was reflecting off its canvass corners.

"I won't argue with that," she said.

"You love me?"

"You have nothing to offer."

"I can offer you love."

"But would my father want that?"

"Damn your father."

"Too late for that."

The man took a cigarette from a package lying on the bed. He lit it and took a drag.

The girl watched him. He was tapping the cigarette with his forefinger and staring at the portrait in the corner. It was buried within the shadows.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I think I am in love with you," he said.



Photo by Camie Young

"But I think I can provide little for you."

The girl stood up. She took a fur coat from the chair and put it on. She walked to the door.

"Where's the money?" she asked.

"I have no money," he said. "But I love you."

"Don't say that. Where's the money?"

"I love you."

"You can't love me. No one can love me."

"Not even your father?"

"Don't say that."

"I'm sorry. Come back and sit with me. I love you."

"Please please please don't say that."

"But it is true."

"Is it?"

"Yes." The man threw his cigarette onto the floor and lay back in bed. "Come lay with me," he said.

"It is not true. It cannot be true."

"What?"

"You cannot love me."

"Why not?"

"Look at you."

"Look at what?"

"You. Look at yourself. What are you doing?"

"I was doing you."

"Stop it. Tell me where the money is."

"Is that all you care for?"

"Yes."

"You do not care for me?"

"No."

The man stood up and took the girl in his arms. "You do not love me?"

"No. Where is the money?"

"Is that all you care for?"

"Yes."

"Is it?"

"Yes. All I care for is money. I do not care about you. I do not care about my father. I do not care for anything except money. I will be rich some day, and you will continue to live in squalor. You called me here. I didn't call you. I never called you. You're pitiful, you know that? What do you expect? Do you truly expect me to love you? Is that what you thought would happen?"

Exactly why do you think I came with you? I never would speak to you if it was not to simply fulfill some stupid fancy of mine. You're a whim. I do not care for you."

"It is in the cabinet."

"What?"

"Your money."

The girl crossed the room and opened the oak cabinet. She took out a roll of money and counted it. Then she took out four bills and placed them in the pocket of her coat. She walked to the door.

"Will I see you again?" he asked.

"We can meet again this weekend," the girl said.

"Do you promise?"

The girl opened the door and left.

The man stood up and walked to the cabinet. He opened it and counted the roll of money. He then took out a brown paper bundle and faced the painting.

"It is not true. It cannot be true."

"What?"

"You cannot love me."

It was a portrait of the girl. She stood before him, staring back with blue eyes. Her hair was blonde.

The man unwrapped the bundle. It was full of paint.

"My black brush," he said.

The man took his black brush from the package. It was heavier than the others. Unusually heavy. He placed it against his temple, rubbing it back and forth as he stared at the portrait.

"It is missing crimson," he said. "Crimson."

WAITING

by Richard W. Watts

I am waiting, **breathless**

Waiting to be

Waiting to feel

Waiting to see

To find reality and the truth of self

I am waiting, breathless

Waiting to be

A soul of fire

And eyes of sea

But is it real?

Is it really me?

Who is truer, you or me?

The you I am, or the me you'll be?

I am waiting, breathless

Waiting to see

Are you true, and are you free?

Or are you still chained in silver,

Still waiting to be?

When what is is done, and what's become

Beyond the reach of memory

Will we then know who we are

Or will we wait for eternity?

I am waiting, **breathless**

Waiting to be

Beyond this cage of steel unseen

We see infinity **in a starlight sea**

There I am waiting

For a chance to be

ALONE

by Ashley Holloway

I walk alone down the overly crowded streets of the city. Impossible? I think not. People all around, pushing, shoving, and trying to get to who knows where. Each their own person. Individuals in their individual worlds, playing minor roles in countless others as they center on their own. Again, I ask. Impossible? Definitely not.

I make my way through those other worlds. Silently slipping in then causing little if any disturbance as I glide out again. Though I pass through them, I'm not really apart of them. For a moment, though, I am. But it is a brief moment and soon passes; my presence soon forgotten if realized at all. So, along with countless others, I press on. Down a street I've never traveled, within a city to which I've never been. Alone? Yep. Do I care? Not in the least.

As those around me, I'm in my own world. Council to my own thoughts. Concerned with everything yet nothing all at once. I do not know where I'm going nor do I care. It need only be away from here. Away from the oppressive throng that I find myself in.

All at once, the sea of humanity parts, revealing an alternative to its endless churning. In an instant, I take advantage of the bizarre twist of fate and find myself stumbling into the mouth of a shabby side street. I breathe in small gasps of smog-

I make my way **through**
those other worlds.
 Silently **slipping in**
 then causing little if any
 disturbance as I **glide out again.**
 Though I pass **through them,**
 I'm **not** really a part of them.

For a moment, though,

I am

tinged air as I hear the clatter of dropped packages slightly farther on. Actions instilled in me as a child bubble forth from the recesses of my mind, and I soon find myself aiding an elderly woman into a cramped little shop. Yet again, I have been drawn into someone else's imaginings, and she, in turn, has been drawn into mine.

The elderly woman thanks me profusely as I shove the door closed with the toe of my shoe, my arms full of boxes both large and small. She speaks briefly to someone who had been waiting for her return and then the visitor exits, smiling. I ask her where to set the packages down, and she ushers me to a counter at the back of the store. She says it would be great if I set them upon it, so I do. Hastily, I turn to leave. She bars my way with her incessant gratitude and asks if I would like a cup of tea. I politely

decline the offer, saying that I must be on my way. Again, she insists and again I decline. She wants to repay me for my kindness. I tell her that no repayment is necessary. All I did was carry a few boxes.

As the old woman drones on, the small shop begins to feel like a cleverly-crafted prison and I its prisoner. Instinctively, I separate myself from the outside world. The woman's voice fades away and I am left, once again, within my own realm of thought. Relief is nearly instantaneous and also short-lived. A touch on the arm brings me back to what I assume to be reality. The woman is telling me that I look pale -- that I should sit down. I assure her that I'm alright. My words go unheeded as she herds me toward a nearby chair and

She says **it is no ordinary mirror** that it reflects the soul,
not the body.

firmly pushes me into it. I allow this. Why? I do not know. She tells me to stay put while she goes to fetch some tea. Amazingly, I comply. It does not occur to me not to. Maybe, in my subconsciousness, I know that this is my only way out; my only chance at freedom. Whatever the case may be, I stay.

Moments later, she emerges with two cups of steaming liquid. One she hands to me. We drink in silence. I watch the dust mites dance in the sunlight that filters through a small window and won-

der why I am still here. I quickly finish the remainder of my tea and offer her my thanks. She says it was the least she could do and asks me if I will wait just one moment more before I go. Again, I oblige without knowing why. She scuttles around the store for a moment and returns with a small, ornately carved hand mirror. She hands it to me, wanting me to take it. I tell her I can't; that carrying a few boxes are not worth what she offers. Again, she insists I take it. She says it is no ordinary mirror; that it reflects the soul, not the body. I look at her askance and tell her of the impossibility of her remark. A quick glance into the mirror rewards me with my own image. Still, she insists on its function and places it in my hands. She tells me to look into it every morning and when it changes I must seek her out. Admitting defeat, I slip the item into my bag and thank her. Now satisfied, she lets me go on my way. Hers is yet another world I leave behind.

Ibreathe in the smog-tinged air as I exit the small establishment, relieved at my escape. After a few moments, I once again join the throng of humanity. The sun is now much lower in the sky. As if in a daze, I enter the place where I will stay for the night. Quietly, I eat and pay for a meal I do not taste. Alone, I trudge up the stairway and down the hall to my door. I fumble with the key and lock. When at last the door is opened, I stumble in; pushing it closed behind me. Drained of all energy, I collapse

onto the bed as the sun sets on the horizon.

Morning finds me fully re-energized. Yesterday's incident is but an unpleasant memory. Today I plan to leave this place and continue my wanderings. As I place various items into my bag, my hand brushes a mirror's frame. The woman's babbling comes to mind and my curiosity gets the best of me. Slowly, I remove it from within and hold it so that I might see the reflection. What I see startles me. Gradually, my features in its surface dissolve into something else. As I gaze into the inky blackness on the mirror's face, a seed of fear is planted within my mind. Surely this is not my soul that is reflected back at me?!? A void so dark that it seems to swallow all light?!? Hastily I put the mirror away, frightened by the implications. After gathering the rest of my few possessions, I leave both room and city behind. Unbeknownst to me, this would become routine. Even now, days later, as I once more slip the mirror from my bag, the reflection is the same. I leave again.

It is as I am walking down a seemingly familiar expanse of road that it begins to rain. Thunder rolls across the heavens as lightening illuminates the sky. Not liking the way things are going, I duck into a nearby building. Though I know I have never been in this particular building before, I have been in one similar to it, and I hesitantly walk from the outer hall into the larger room. It is only by the help of dim candlelight that I am able to make my way toward the front. Exhausted, I fall to my knees as the torrent

continues. As I have been throughout my life, so too, here, am I alone. Realization strikes. The dam breaks. Tears, so long kept at bay, make their way silently down my cheeks. I realize that I have unconsciously confronted this every morning since I received that accursed mirror. It is only now that I understand its full meaning. Emotionally broken, I curl myself into a fetal position on the floor while silently murmuring confessions through my tears. A silent plea escapes my lips as consciousness ebbs. My last feeling before the abyss of dreams is one of peace-of being whole.

Iwake finding myself with the same sensation of wholeness as the previous night. Early morning sunlight filters in through the high windows as I realize that I am still the only person occupying the room. I get up, stretch, and begin my hunt for a restroom. Upon finding one, I do my best to straighten myself up. Once somewhat satisfied, I automatically rummage through my bag for the mirror. As it has done so many times before, my image wavers as I gaze into its glass. I am once again expecting the unending void called my soul. Instead, a brilliant light blinds me. The reflection has changed. The seemingly endless void has been filled and everything is so much clearer, somehow. In a daze, I return the mirror to my bag and exit the restroom and then the building.

As I step outside, a sea of humanity immediately accosts me. They push me onward; force me to continue.

Suddenly, the sea parts and I stumble into a small side street. Smog-tinged air fills my lungs as I take a couple of deep breaths. A familiar doorway looms ahead. I hesitate but a moment before I approach and try the doorknob. It's unlocked. Cautiously, I enter the shop. I wait in silence for the owner to return from who

knows where. Unconsciously, the mirror is retrieved from my bag and in my hands.

Patiently I wait in the deserted shop. My patience is soon rewarded because it is not long before I hear a slight noise from outside. A few seconds later, the old woman enters and is followed by a figure laden with packages. She notices me almost immediately and, with a smile, comes over. I tell her I've come to return the mirror she gave me and she doesn't object. She asks if I see things a little

more clearly now. I reply that though there is some darkness in what we call the world, I now have a light to guide my way. Nodding, she accepts my answer. With a smile on my face, I hand the mirror back to her and say my farewell. I side step the package bearer and slide out the door.

The reflection has changed.

**has been filled
and everything is so much clearer,
somehow.**

A faint breeze tousles my hair as I return to the end of the small street and enter once again into the bustling crowd. Once a lost soul, I have now been found. My eyes, once blinded, have regained their sight. In and out of individual worlds I once more pass. Alone? Not anymore.

IMAGINATION

by Sara Hyder

Please my child
Set your imagination free.
Dream of dragons and gentlemen,
Just believe in what you see.

Imagine a witch in her dungeon
Or a fairy in flight,
Just don't open your eyes.
Don't let in the light.

You can be a Prince Charming
Or a knight in battle.
Be an empress on her throne
Or Paul Revere on his saddle.

Look up at the clouds.
See that car winning the race?
Oh, what a joy for me
To behold that smile on your face.

What ever you do my child,
Don't let your fantasy go.
Be the next Robin Hood
Shooting his heroic bow.

Be an explorer
Searching an undiscovered cave
Or an awesome leader
Like Spartacus the brave.

Please my child
Set your imagination free.
Dream your fancy away.
Just save a forgotten image for me.

LAWNMOWER SMASH 4:30 (AND WHAT ENSUES) by George Edema Jr.

The landlord's lawnmower sat motionless for months.

Rusted and wrecked, with the barn as it's backdrop.

Lance left a message, **lawnmower smash 4:30**,
a study break amidst finals week, just what we needed.

We five roommates marched to the barn

like a chain gang, each with our tools:

pick axes and sledge hammers.

We had a lawnmower to slaughter.

The first blow, Brian's, was a hesitant one, wary of being watched, not wanting to miss his mark.

All followed soon after with a flood of ferocity.

A precise shot to the battery. That was nice.

The engine block put up a fight, sparks flashed when metal clashed.

Not lasting long, we were left wanting more.

Someone, Harris, turned toward the barn, we all were well worked up,

unquestioning, we followed. A five piece orchestra with axes as instruments, accompanied by a chorus of grunts and yells.

Through the collapsing roof, dead leaves and rotten shingles rained in on our revelry.

Laughter filled the air **and dust** filled our lungs. When hammer handles broke, their naked heads were heaved.

Stephen used a bat to bust the back wall down.

The bard echoed the sound of splintering wood. It spurred us on to **complete the destruction.**

I looked about me and took in the scene.

a wasteland of carnage and carelessness. **But there was beauty**
and a sense of raw satisfaction in this barbaric release.

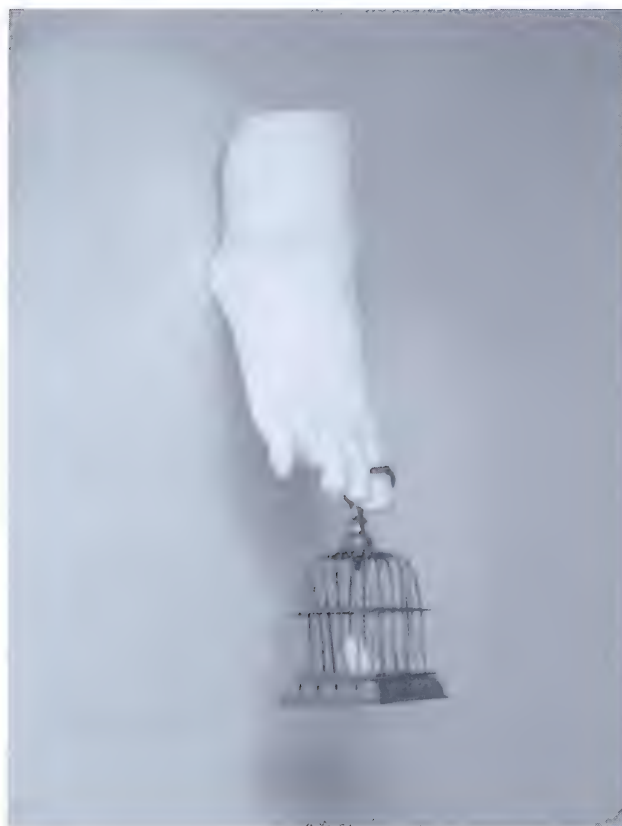
Just what we needed.



Menthol
Plaster, Wax, and
Matches on Metal

Mandy Arey

Untitled
Plaster



EYE OF THE TIGER

by Julie Anne Zorn

Taken from the kingdom
 Thrown into a cage
 Pacing back and forth
 Building up the rage.
Hard, steel bars surrounding
 Cold metal for the floor
 Freedom is no option
 Locked behind the door.
Nothing to do but sit there
And wait for the right time
To flee the cage for freedom
And leave the bars behind.
Impatient feelings take over
 The beast begins to rise
 Seeing the master coming
 Determination in its eyes.
The sound of jangling keys
 Rings in the tiger's ears
The sound of the lock turning
Signals opportunity loud and clear.
 The door swings open
 The tiger runs out
 With a force so strong
 And a growl so loud.
Trampling over anything
 Standing in its way
And those who try to hold it back
 Will soon have hell to pay.
The hell won't come from the tiger
 In revenge it doesn't believe
But losing such a wonderful beast
 The master will surely grieve.
 For in the eye of the tiger
 Vengeance is not the way
Cause fate and freedom await it
 Another place, another day.

UNTITLED

by Patrick Crotty

I want so much to say a prayer
to lift my voice into the air
In hopes that hands may suddenly
Grant this wish and do for me
Something I may never find
Lost inside the darkest mind.

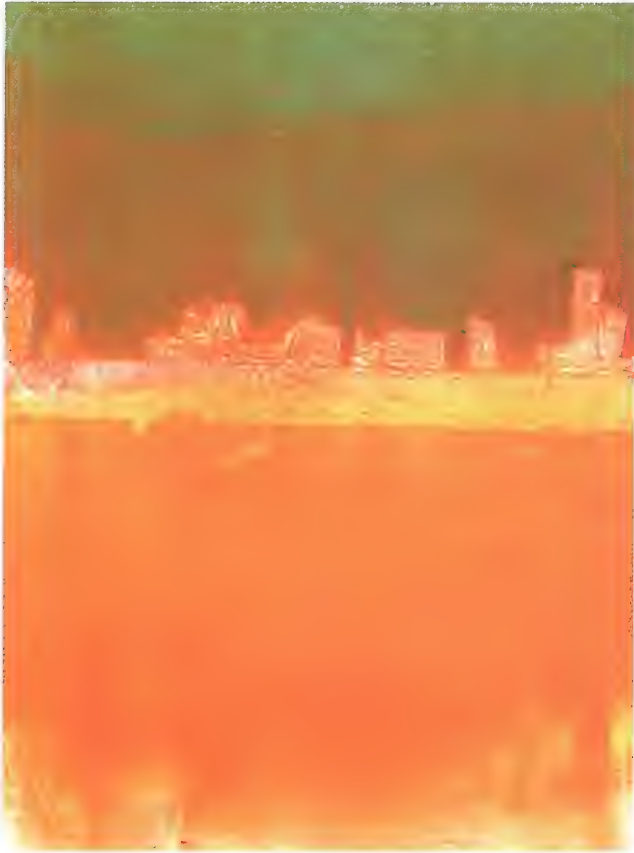
Close my eyes and go to sleep
Give me peace that I can keep
Fill this hole within my chest
Lay my weary soul to rest
All I ever tried to see
Another side of piety
That comes from each and every heart
Even if they cannot start
To fall onto bended knee
and sacrifice their dignity
To turn their backs and slowly wait
For someone else to make their fate.

Forgive me for this daring song
For writing it took not too long
The simple thoughts that it suggest
Creep out from a dirty chest
And float above a shallow grave
Of those who lived in early days
And gave themselves unto a cause
Like bullet holes resembling flaws
Take this song and let it be
Peace of mind enough for me.

TAKE FOR GRANTED

by Michelle L. Stephens

People walking around so aimlessly
With such solemn faces.
Feeling so lost in their little world,
Trying to figure out who they are.
In this fast-paced world today,
You ask yourself,
“Who are you,
What makes you, you?
Where do you fit
In this world as a person?
What is your purpose
Of living here on this earth?
Why are we here
On this earth of ours?
We stay too busy
To enjoy the world around us
We take for granted
That this is our home
We waste too many hours
Asking questions about our lives
To just sit back and stare
At God’s glorious creation
This is a special gift
Given to us by God
We need to appreciate everything
From the grass, water, and sky.



Come On In
Monoprint
Charlie Boyd

Misunderstood
Woodcut Print
Liza Cobb





Grid Study II
Acrylic and Oil On Canvas
Matt Mullins

PARALLEL PARKING: THE NEXT OLYMPIC EVENT

by Jamie Savoie

The heck with trampoline, women's weightlifting and male synchronized diving. The next Olympic event, in my book, should be parallel parking.

In the vicious sporting world of vehicle parking, there is no other situation as demoralizing or rewarding as the parallel park. If done properly, the parallel park can be one of the greatest feelings in the world. Shoot -- if I get my vehicle in a spot that looks three feet shorter than my car in one try, I'm out of that thing faster than fifth-graders on the last day of class, looking for someone to high five. I'm pumped, baby!

Just like any other sport, the parallel park requires skill, grace, patience and practice. Parking is an art form and can be one of the most beautiful sights. The right combination of speed and accuracy can produce a truly spectacular visual event.

However, glory in this sport is not something easily attained by all. A blown attempt at a parallel park can leave a driver embarrassed and coping with an unexpected defeat for the day.

For those of you who opt for the safer route of a regular parking space, let me familiarize you with the specifics of the game. There are two "do-or-die" points, if you will, during the event. First there is the decision of when to make the initial commitment turn toward the spot based on incoming velocity and the distance between you and the curb. You definitely don't want to cut too soon. If this happens you are never going to get the front end around without contact -- you are going to be forced to pull out and start over. A complete retry is embarrassing enough and multiple ones can be devastating. On the other hand, if you cut too late, you might as well roll down the window and yell "I'm a loser" because it isn't going to happen for you. You might as well imprint your license plate on the grill of the car behind you -- it'd save time.

The second key move is when to make the sec-

Parking is an **art form**
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beautiful

ond cut. This can mean the difference between success -- being up on the curb or being in the middle of the street. I call this moment, "the moment of truth." Knowing when to make this cut and how hard to turn the wheel is something that truly can't be taught. This gift comes purely with experience, except for some of the great masters who are just born with it.

One of the beauties of the sport that places it above many others is that it can be played as singles or as a team. Parallel parking is one of the last true car-bonding events left in our society. You may not have spoken to the people in your car for the last two hours, but you can't shut people up during a parallel park. It is a natural team event.

The optimum number of participants for team competition is three. Any more than three participants is just asking for problems; too many opinions during key decisions can prove fatal. First, there is the driver. This person has to have a lot of poise and trust in his or her partners. The driver can't be someone that is going to flounder over a decision. When that person in the back yells "turn," the driver has to turn; it is as simple as that. The person riding shotgun has to be specialized in watching the front car to see if there is a chance for contact. If the person in the back yells for a cut, the person in the shotgun seat has to be ready to override the order if contact is possible. There is no time to stop and think in this situation.

Now, the person in the back seat holds the most important position in this event. Here is where you want to stack your team with experience. This person is the decision maker, the point man.

The seatbelt must come off so the back seat passenger can float around freely to check on possible contact problems and amount of space still available. This player makes the "do-or-die" decisions with such vocabulary as "turn," "harder," "stop," "pull out, pull out," "whoa, slow it down," "you have at least ___ feet," and "oh yeah, you got it." Anything else coming from this player's mouth is distracting and has no place in the

game.

Along with the different ways you can play this sport, singles or team competition, parallel parking challenges the competitor with many situational contests. For example, placing an impatient driver who is continuously laying on the horn behind them for a little added pressure could challenge competitors. Higher points can be added for the level of difficulty of each park. Criteria for difficulty would be calculated based on the size of the contestant's car, the size of the parking space and the price of the cars already parked on each side of the spot. As for intensity -- let me tell you -- there is nothing more exciting for a spectator than watching someone who is late for work parallel park a Chevy Suburban into a spot between two luxury cars while three screaming kids cry in the middle seat.

I've seen someone do it, and believe me the action was intense.

I believe parallel parking is a sport that will inevitably gain respect among the world circuit. I know there are thousands of brilliant parallel-parking technicians and enthusiasts waiting for this sport to take off. As you might have realized, the 2000 Olympic games in Sydney, Australia, failed to give this sport a chance. Trial-sport status is something I have my fingers crossed for --

as Athens is just around the corner.

FUNERAL

by Tara Tyson

I was supposed to start fifth grade today at Wrigley Elementary School, but I couldn't because my grandmother died. She wasn't very old, but she had cancer. She's the second person I have known that this has happened to -- dying. Really, I guess she is the first, because the other one was a great-uncle whom I had met only once. I don't think it counts to say I know someone who died and mean him because I didn't even feel like crying when my mom told me about it.

There are a lot of people at the church, but you can't tell them apart because everyone is wearing black clothes and the same expression on their faces. They all look like they wish they wanted to be here for her but they know that they don't because it's making them sad. I wish I were outside instead of in here, even though here in New Mexico the weather is cold because we're in the mountains. It's dry and all the houses and the ground and the churches are some shade of dried mud, except the sky, which is quietly blue. This morning, while I was supposed to be helping my little sister put on her tights, I saw on TV that it was hot at home in Georgia. I bet all my friends are wearing their new clothes and I bet Courtney Anderson is trying to get a seat in the lunchroom next to Jake Clinton and here I am sitting next to

But I guess they have to **try**
to like each other,
because my grandmother died
and my grandfather is
alone now.

my dad and my sister, holding her hand because she is scared of the dead woman in the front who used to be our grandmother. My mother is sitting with her father a few rows ahead of us, instead of with my dad and my sister and me. All I can see are the backs of their heads. There is a little space between them like they don't want to seem to know each other too well, even though my aunt and uncle are crammed in against them on either side. My mom and my grandfather don't get along; I don't think I am supposed to know that but I notice things. They use short sentences when they talk to each other, like they want to say everything as quickly as they can so they can get it over with. My sister and I have made up a game for when we are going out to eat dinner at a restaurant with my grandfather, because it takes so long for him and my mom to argue about where to go that we get bored. But I guess they have to try to like each other, because my grandmother died and my grandfather is alone now.

Yesterday, at the wake, my sister and I didn't go see the body. My sister was scared, and I thought it was strange that they were showing off a dead person, even if she was my grandmother. My uncle told me she looked like she was sleeping, but I wanted to remember what she looked like alive, not dead. Everyone who went up to see the body ended up crying, but my sister and I didn't, not just because we didn't look at her but because we were thinking about what she was like when she was alive, not what she looked like inside a box.

You're not supposed to be scared of dying; that's what they tell you in Sunday School. You're not supposed to be scared because you'll meet Jesus and God and Mary and that is what you are really waiting for your whole life. I am supposed to believe that, but I am not sure I do.

I asked my mom one time if she believed in God. She said she thought everything was much more complicated than that but that she believed in something out there. I asked her what she meant and she said she thought there was something in the universe that had an influence on our lives. I wanted to ask her more questions about what influence she meant, because they never talk about anybody but God in Sunday School, but I didn't know exactly what it was; I didn't understand well enough to ask more than that. I never see my

My aunt told me **funerals** are a way of **celebrating** someone's life so I suppose that's why there are so many flowers here.

mom praying and sometimes she'll say curse words, especially when she's driving, the same kinds of words she would kill me for saying, but she still makes us go to Sunday School. Maybe she makes us go because she's too grown up and can't go anymore; sometimes I think grownups spend too much time talking to listen to things we talk about in Sunday school.

My aunt told me funerals are a way of celebrating someone's life so I suppose that's why there are so many flowers here. But my grandmother doesn't have any more life to celebrate, so I think they are telling me that because they don't know what else to tell me. Ten isn't that old, but it's old enough to know that no matter how many flowers or people we shove into a church my grandmother isn't coming back and no one will be any less sad.

When my father told me my grandmother had died, I didn't cry. I thought I would. He tried to hug me, but I was sitting on the floor, watching a rerun of "The Facts of Life." Jo is my favorite character because she's tough, but really inside she feels things and needs people more than she will admit. Ever since my grandmother died my parents have been trying to have talks with me about death and how it's just a part of life and I don't need to worry about getting cancer. I just sit there and nod

my head and stare off into space because I know all of this already and they don't understand that. Sometimes adults aren't good at knowing that you don't want to talk about things like why your grandmother got cancer or whether you can get it but they just keep talking, even though you've quit listening.

I remember hearing about this girl who was my age who got cancer and died. I don't think that can happen to me. She'd had it since she was little, and I have always been healthy. She had to do that thing where your hair falls out, and it made her sick, and then she died anyway. That's what happened to my grandmother. She got sick -- that's what everyone said a few years ago, when she first got it. No one would say 'cancer.' I don't think they

wanted my sister and me to know that's what she had. I saw a magazine article once at the dentist's office about a cancer gene, which I guess means it is genetic, which I guess means I could have it right now and so could my mom and my sister. We could get sick and die next week, and then my father would be alone, like my grandfather. He would probably cry a lot, if that happened.

We have to go to the gravesite after this. We passed it on the way to the church this morning, in the black limousine we got to ride in because it was my grandmother who died. My sister was very upset when we left because she had forgotten when she had woken up that my grandmother was dead. She expected her to be there, and not in a box at the church.

My grandmother is going to be buried under the white tent I saw when we passed the cemetery. I saw the chairs and the hole they are going to put her body in. I know she's dead, but if I were her I don't know if I would want to be buried. It seems lonely. Worms and bugs eat you. I wonder if you can feel that in Heaven, a little pinch every time a rodent gnaws at you.

My eye is starting to itch and now people are going to think I have been crying. I hate when I always feel like I need to explain to everyone that I am not upset, I am not crying, my eye is irritated. All these people are sobbing in public, like they don't care what anyone thinks. If I started crying, my dad would start trying to hug me and my sister would be trying to hold my hand, not because she would be scared, but because she would know that I was



My grandmother is **dead** and fifth grade is starting without me
 and my mother is being someone's daughter
instead of my mom.

scared. I feel like I am going to be sick, like when you read in a car for too long and your eyes can't adjust the rest of your body to the motion.

My grandmother used to bring us to church with her when we would come out here to visit. We'd sit, and I would try to look like I was paying attention to the priest, but I was always trying to figure out what it would be like to walk on the ceiling. The ceiling in this church is high and painted white and has wooden beams running from wall to wall and supports that go up the ceiling and meet at the top. I would imagine sitting up there, walking around, looking down at everyone. It would get lonely that far up, but it could be a way of being with everyone also, even if they didn't know I were there. After church, we would go home and she'd turn the radio on the Mexican channel and she would make us tamales. The kitchen was small and yellow and smelled like bell peppers. It doesn't smell like bell peppers anymore. My grandfather doesn't cook much.

I feel sick. I didn't eat breakfast today. My dad tried to get me to, but I wasn't hungry.

My eye still itches. It is probably red now and it will make me look like I have been crying because my grandmother has died and because my grandfather doesn't have anyone, but I won't be crying. My eye is agitated.

I wish I could leave and go home to Georgia and walk into social studies class and have it be another first day of school. I wish today was three days ago, and I could finish watching "The Facts of Life," and my dad wouldn't have told me that someone I knew had died. I wish I hadn't been irritated with my grandmother at Christmas last year when she tried to kiss me good-bye because we were in public. I wish I could walk on the ceiling of this church and look down at my grandmother and see that she is really asleep and has just tricked us all.

Maybe that's all that dying is, tricking people. Pretending the body in the casket might even closely resemble the person who died and that we are coming here together to celebrate her life instead of just thinking about our own. Saying that we will feel better when we know that no matter what happens the fact that someone we know died will leave this hole in us somewhere that may shrink to be teeny-tiny but won't ever get fixed.

My grandmother is dead and fifth grade is starting without me and my mother is being someone's daughter instead of my mom. And I can feel a little hole inside of me somewhere that wasn't there a few days ago, because my grandmother has died.



Leading the Pack
Photograph
Amanda House

BLIND FAITH

by Kristin Lenz

Being able to see is overrated. At least for Carrie Willoughby.

Legally blind, with 20/200 corrected vision and 20/400 noncorrected, Willoughby has conquered her visual impairment that some might consider a burden -- a victory that has landed her in the land down under for the 2000 Paralympics in Sydney, Australia. More than 4,000 disabled athletes from 125 countries will vie for the coveted gold, silver and bronze medals.

Swimming is in her blood -- she feels it because she can't see it. She first tested the water when she was 4 years old and has been making waves ever since. Willoughby was on the swim team at Berry High School in Hoover. Her junior year, Willoughby and her teammates were the Alabama State Champions. Now, she looks to be a world champion.

Running into the wall might be the first thing people think when they ponder the idea of Willoughby swimming. "It's like I've got a sixth sense. I sense that the wall is coming. I don't know because I have no depth perception," Willoughby said.

She said the large black lines on the bottom of the pool and the target marks at the end of the lane help guide her through the water. Willoughby said she also has learned to count her strokes.

"She's got a lot of strength due to her

Swimming is in her **blood**
she feels it
 because she **can't** see it. . . .

disability," said Clarissa Carvalho, who has known Willoughby a year and a half. Carvalho is a junior in graphic design and is a native of Brazil. "She usually fights more for what she wants," Carvalho said about Willoughby's dance with her disability.

Willoughby said Paralympics means parallel to the Olympics. "It's the same prestige and same caliber; the athletes just have a disability that makes training and the everyday rigors of the sport more difficult," Willoughby said.

The Hoover native will represent Auburn and the United States in the 50-meter freestyle, 100-meter freestyle, 200-meter individual medley and the 4x100 medley. Willoughby left for Sydney Oct. 10. Opening ceremonies for the Paralympics was Oct. 18. Willoughby said she would have a week to become accustomed to the 20-hour time difference between Australia and the United States.

As the Olympics is the pinnacle for all athletes, Willoughby said she is honored and excited at the opportunity to compete. She is also looking forward to being an ambassador for the Paralympic program. "We want people to see us as an athlete



Photos by Kristin Lenz

Carrie Willoughby, a senior in art, competed in the Paralympic Games in Sydney last month.

first and disabled second," Willoughby said.

The category Willoughby is in is for the visually impaired. There are also events for amputees, athletes with cerebral palsy, intellectual disabilities and those confined to wheelchairs.

To prepare for the challenge of her life, Willoughby practices every day with the Auburn Aquatics Club. The organization consists of young swimmers from the Auburn-Opelika area.

Eric Smith, coach of Auburn Aquatics, said he's known Willoughby for 13 months. "She wants to be a swimmer, not a person with a disability," Smith said.

Her daily workout schedule begins before the sun peers over the horizon. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Willoughby dives into training at 5:30 a.m. and conditions until 7 a.m. The senior in art returns to the pool at 5 p.m. and trains until 7:15 p.m. And on Saturdays, it's in the water again from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. Willoughby

As **swimmers** they are not **disabled**; as individuals **they are**. . . .

takes Sunday off.

Linda Seay, academic adviser for the College of Liberal Arts, said Willoughby is taking some correspondence classes this semester that have allowed her the time she needs to train. "Carrie has put academics on hold," Seay said. "She's the All-American girl. She sets a goal and works toward it."

Her visual impairment also plays an ironic role in her major -- art, which is a visually based field of study. She's very hardworking and focused," said Mark Price, who left Auburn last May to become the chair of the art department at Middle Tennessee State University.

He said that her disability does not interfere with her artistic abilities.

"Visually, one would think her work might be more abstract than it is," Price said. He said she observes well and pays close attention to detail. Most of the work Willoughby does is paintings.

For the time being, her brush strokes have been traded in for swimming strokes. Though art is a passion for Willoughby, she said her focus right now is swimming.

"I want to see a lot of growth in adopted sports, Willoughby said. "It's not like we're out there crying, 'Help us we're disabled.' We're all athletes. As swimmers, we all want to get to the wall like every other swimmer."

Willoughby said the Paralympics can be

heart wrenching and heartwarming. As swimmers they are not disabled, as individuals they are.

Willoughby's disability has pushed her to achieve her goals, which have been obtainable. She said she hopes to bring some hardware home but just the opportunity to participate in the Paralympics would be enough.

"My goal is to make it to the podium," Willoughby said. "I want to be able to say, Thank you to my parents with a medal."

Conquering her disability has created a competitive drive in Willoughby. Her dedication to her sport can be seen at the crack of dawn and finally comes to rest long after the sun goes down. Her accomplishment of making it to the Paralympics is the holy grail of her career thus far.

Willoughby is going for the gold and said she believes she has a good chance. You don't go to a prestigious competition like this for satisfaction; you go for it all.

Editor's Note: Carrie Willoughby competed in the Paralympic Games in Sydney, Australia from Oct. 18 to Oct. 28. Her standings were not available at press time.

STARSOUL

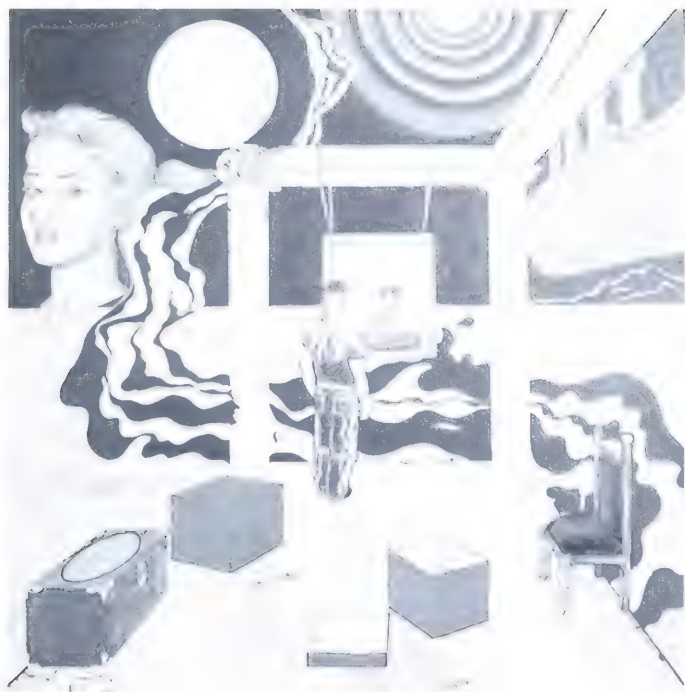
by Richard W. Watts

SECRET SEAS HAVE SECRET NAMES
YOU NAMED MINE
SECRET HOPES ARE NEVER TOLD
I NEVER TOLD YOU, BUT YOU KNEW THEM ANYWAY
SECRET FLAMES NEVER GROW COLD
MINE BURNS IN YOU, STARSOUL

SECRET WORDS CANNOT BE SAID
I NEVER SPOKE, BUT YOU HEARD ME ANYWAY
SECRET PASTS CANNOT BE HELD
YOU HELD ME
SECRET MEMORIES CANNOT BE SHARED
I GIVE MINE TO YOU, THE ONE WHO DARED

SECRET TEARS ARE NEVER SHED
I SAW YOU THE NIGHT YOU CRIED THEM
SECRET PAINS CANNOT BE CURED
YOU LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO HEAL
SECRET HEARTS ARE NEVER LOVED
YOU ARE THE SECRET THAT MADE MINE FEEL

for Elaine



Allusions of Grandeur
Graphite Pencil
Alan Savanapridi

Untitled
Watercolor and Acrylic
Matt Mullins



STAINS ON OUR BVD'S

by Jeffrey Lee

No, you freak, not those kinds of stains. But something with a little more meaning and importance to my college experience at Auburn than a really good scare.

It all began on a hot summer day in July. My friend and equally-passioned fan of Auburn football, Mathew Klein, noticed on his way home from class that the gates to Jordan-Hare Stadium were opened. He had walked out onto the un-tainted lawn and ran barefooted up and down the field, relishing in the moment. No one had said anything to him, in fact, no one was even around to stop him.

Me, being envious of his moment, and him suggesting that we take a football out there and run some routes, was all that was needed to spark my plan. Not only would we go out there and throw the football around, better yet, we would wear plain white t-shirts and dive on the ground as much as we could to stain them with the green blood of the grass for the perfect Game Day undershirt. It was a plan. And the plan was simple, or so we thought.

PHASE I: Mathew had class at Parker Hall the following day. Me, in part to my summer journalism classes being cancelled due to lack of enrollment, was taking only golf and tennis. I would meet him outside the student entrance after he got out of class, and would have in my backpack our weapon for the day, my NCAA football.

Dressed for the occasion in my BVD plain white t-shirt, rugged shorts and

Birkenstocks lapped across my toes, we rendezvoused as planned.

PHASE II: Assuming the gates were opened, we would casually stroll in, walk down the steps in the band section, kick off our shoes, and run wild across the green plain of The Hare. Easier said than done, though.

After meeting up and getting ourselves psyched, because the gates were indeed open, we continued inside as planned. We walked through the open gates, not getting patted down for liquor, we anxiously peered out through the tunnel leading into the stadium. But as we did,



The Uncomfortable Task of Removing the Mask
Jashua Smith

reality hit, and it hit hard. There were men on the field, roping the sidelines and end zones off, apparently preparing them for painting.

"Damnit!" I said, "I knew it was too good to be true. Why couldn't they do this crap next

No one had said anything to him,
in fact,
no one was even around
to stop him.

week or something?"

Mathew quickly settled me. "Chill out dude," he said. "we're not going to let them stop us." So we turned to Plan B.

"We'll walk down to where the new locker rooms are being built under the stadium, and we'll walk out through the tunnel. Act like you belong here," Mathew said.

So we walked down the steps, onto the field, and quickly turned into the old visiting team's tunnel, which led to underneath the stadium. Construction workers were busy building the new locker rooms and entrance tunnel, so we acted interested in the new projects. One of the workers approached us, but before he could open his mouth, we began to interrogate him about the new facilities. "When is it going to be finished?" "How long have you been working on it?" -- anything to keep us from looking suspicious, and it actually worked. The worker went back to what he was doing and we proceeded onward.

We walked to the old corner entrance

where the Tigers had come out in the past.

We could see the sun beaming in, and it is probably the only time that I would ever "walk towards the light." It was like an omen. We walked into the light leading us to our earthly heaven, patting the cross beam above us like the players of the past had done a million times before. We cleared the tunnel and finally felt the heat of the sun through the tops of our hats, there was no turning back.

We were more determined now than ever, and no field crew was going to stop us from completing our goal, unless, of course, they could catch us. We politely said hello to the crewmen, as though they might be in our way instead of vice-versa.

Mathew and I casually strolled down the Auburn sideline, paying the crewmen no attention, and stopped at midfield. Standing at the fifty-yard line breathless at the sight that surrounded us, we felt an odd gentle breeze as if it was God's breath of approval. No one had said anything to us thus far, and as a matter of fact, it didn't look like they even cared we were there.

I unzipped my backpack, grabbed the threads of my football and kicked off my sandals. Frozen in the moment, my body swiveled around and around gazing out into the imagined capacity crowd that was going crazy. I heard the students shouting "boda-getta" while the other fans were engaged in "Blue!.....Orange!....."

Blue!.....Orange!"

Chill bumps consumed me. There I was, standing barefooted in Jordan-Hare Stadium, with the purest blades of grass in college football tickling my toes, and I was about to run mad all over it.

"Snap out of it, dude, and hit me on a post (pattern)," Mathew said before he sprinted down the sidelines and broke his route off at the 10, and headed for the goal post. I reached back and floated it out there, and boom!

TOUCHDOWNWWWN AUBURN!!

That's all it took. For the next 30 minutes we ran up and down the field, diving at every opportunity to get our stains. We beat Florida, Georgia, Ole Miss, Tennessee, and with six seconds remaining, I made a sliding catch in front of the student-section to beat Alabama. Before we were through, we made sure that we had stained our t-shirts where even the laundry detergent "Tide" couldn't clean. We had accomplished our goal, and not a single glitch had spoiled our day. Until...

"Hey guys!" the head groundskeeper came over and said. "I noticed ya'll were diving and rolling around on the grass a lot."

I thought to myself, "Yea, so what? We don't care if you kick us out now. We've already got what we came for and you didn't stop us, Big Guy. Ha ha, in your face."

He continued to say over my thoughts, "Well, I thought ya'll might want to know that we just sprayed the field with herbicide, and it's not good to expose your skin to that stuff while its still fresh."

"Thanks a lot, Jerkey, for not telling us any sooner," I thought.

Needless to say, we itched and scratched ourselves raw on the walk home, but it was worth it.

"I guess the joke was on us the whole time," Mathew said.

"Yea," I said, "but we got what we came for."

stains on our BVDs."

WITH FIRE IN HER EYES

by Miranda Gray

she smiled

cherry colored lips
 and kool-aid eyes
 beautiful girl with her life in her hands
 and poetry in her mind
words like a gift

o r a c u r s e

depends on how you use them
 or if they use you
 and the words perched in her mouth
waiting for its prey
 to feed on
 and live on
 if only for a few more days
 wild girl with her tongue of steel
 and her soul of fire
 played host to the devil inside her
 and laughed at the suckerpunches thrown to her
because she was alive

a lie

she bled her brains out of her nose
 and ripped her heart out of her chest
 two shallow steps behind
from being like all the rest



Scarred
Graphite Pencil
Alan Savanapridi

Untitled
Photograph
Leigh Taylor



SILVERSPRING

by Richard W. Watts

There is a land, the Fey Ones sing
Beyond the folded sundering
Not here, nor there, but in between
The golden land of Silverspring.

The grass is lush and cool and green
And nowhere is a sorrow seen.
The rivers rhyme and the wind plays strings
In the golden land of Silverspring.

The sun set gold, one Autumn eve
And lit a fire on the silver sea.
The Fey Ones left their home it seems
And not a soul has their passing seen.

They couldn't stand the doubt some say
That ate the magic of their play
So up they went and ran away
To a land of faith and endless day.

On waves of light they departed swift
And closed the door, the gate, the rift.
Oh cruel fate, this sudden shift.
Their land was gone like a morning mist.

Where is the land of Silverspring?
Somewhere out beyond the ring
Of mortal man's imagining
But on moonlight nights when the world's a dream
You can hear the rivers rhyme and the wind play strings
Mourning for fair Silverspring.



Self Portrait
Oil on Cardboard

Liza Cobb

For Shawn
Oil on Panel





Who You Should Vote For and Why

ELECTION 2000

The opinions expressed in this section are solely those of the writers. They are not meant to reflect the beliefs of the Auburn Circle staff or of Auburn University.

ELECTION 2000

YOUR VOTE DOES MATTER

by **Lindsey Boney**
SGA President

Edmond G. Ross. The name probably doesn't ring a bell. In fact, one would probably have to dig into the depths of American history to truly understand the Senator from Kansas; yet, it was this man who, in 1868, quite possibly saved the Union. With the death of Jim Lane in 1866, a senatorial seat from Kansas had become vacant. The Republicans looked to Ross to fill that spot and create a two-thirds Republican majority in the U.S. Senate. Usually, one vote may not matter, but in this case, two-thirds was the magic number for the Republicans in the Senate: they wanted to impeach and remove from office Andrew Johnson, and it was this two-thirds majority that could get the job done. After the House impeachment of Johnson in early 1868, all eyes were focused on the Republican Senate, whose wrath seemed to be directed towards the Democratic President. For the most part, the Republicans stood their ground; they consistently griped that Johnson had overstepped his presidential bounds. But not Ross. Instead of playing political games, Edmund G. Ross evaluated Johnson's term with honesty and integrity. He sought to find and know the truth. In the end, he saw that truth to be the innocence of the besmirched President. Ross could have ignored the whisper of his conscience and saved his political career by submitting to the groupthink of the Republicans, but he instead chose to pursue the road less traveled: he chose to vote for Johnson's acquittal. By this one act, this one vote, by one man, the nation was saved on May 16, 1868.

The story of Edmund G. Ross is but one in a long line of many where one vote has made a difference. However, when encouraging Americans of the 21st century to vote, the task can often be daunting. Many will argue that the America of the 19th century was far more idealistic than today. They claim that the agrarian culture created leaders who could be more easily trusted, and people were consequently more likely to go vote for them. To our culture, hardened by scandal disseminating from Capitol Hill, this notion seems archaic. Others

will tell you that it was the newness of democracy and the patriotism created by the Civil War, but to our generation our rights seem inherent and bloodshed for freedom is foreign to our senses.

Yet, it is an ideal that we must reclaim -- one vote can make a difference. The laws of economics talk often of comparative others and marginal utility, or that which we must give up in order to have something else and the usefulness contained in that decision. For the fast-paced American lifestyle, college students presumably cannot afford to give up one hour of one day to become informed on issues and voice their opinion at the polls. We are too busy fighting for ourselves and our wants and aspirations.

We must stop and think of these pursuits and their selfishness. It is time for Americans to consider how history could have changed if those before us thought in the same manner we so often do -- if they had decided to take time only for themselves. The idea of freedom is an easy one for us, and for that, we take it for granted. Not so for those who fought for the freedom that we so flippantly carry.

When millions vote, it is often hard to see how my one voice can make a difference. It is difficult to believe that I can influence an election. Yet, when we consider the people whom we can influence to vote, then our voting power increases. Then, if we consider that others may have the same negative attitude toward voting, then my vote begins to count more with each abstention. I begin to become more influential in the voting process.

The argument may still arise that, even with low voter turnouts, one vote among several million is rather insignificant. To this logic, there are two responses. The first is simple and idealistic, but worthy of consideration as well: if you do not vote, you have no right to give input later. It has been argued that a vote against the majority restricts a person's ability to give input in a later

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GEORGE W. BUSH

A MAN FOR OUR GENERATION

by Brooke Jones

It's no secret that our generation votes less than any other age group -- but why? As college students and graduates, we will become the future leaders in our communities, businesses, and governments. We will be the group most impacted by the decisions and policies being decided in the next presidential election. It just doesn't make sense for people our age to sit back and let others call the shots that will impact our futures. But that's exactly what we do. What will it take to move the young people of America to voice their opinions to our government? The candidates have tried to break through with appearances on David Letterman and Jay Leno, and MTV has spent millions in an attempt to "Rock the Vote." Somehow we are missing the point that our vote counts.

Maybe the problem is that young people honestly don't know who to vote for. Sometimes it's hard to differentiate candidates when all we have to go on is political rhetoric. Would 18 to 24-year-olds vote in larger numbers if they realized there is a candidate who is better for our generation? If so, 2000 is our year because there clearly is a better choice for president.

George W. Bush has a plan that benefits all, but speaks specifically to our age group. In every issue, Bush stands out about the rest.

One example of just how different the candidates are is their plan for using the budget surplus. There is a huge amount of money



left over from past government budgets. This money belongs to us. It came from our pockets, and George W. Bush wants to return it. Other candidates want to keep it and trust the government to spend it wisely.

If Bush is elected, you will see results immediately. We are all looking forward to graduating -- to getting out in the real world where we can make some real money. None of us is prepared to see the huge percentage Uncle Sam takes from our paychecks each month. George W. Bush intends to lower that amount. His plan allows for a decrease in income tax. He also plans to simplify the tax code, making life easier for all of us.

Bush would also reform Social Security. Currently, we pay into a system that allows the government to borrow from Social Security funds whenever it pleases. Bush would put our money in a lock box, so that it will remain untouched until it is allotted to the right taxpayers. He would also privatize Social Security, allowing citizens to invest some of their money and have more control over their financial future.

For those of you planning a wedding, be aware that there is a "marriage penalty" requiring you to pay taxes for finding true love. Bush plans to lower this significantly. He also intends to end the death tax and the inheritance tax, which charges you for possessions that your loved ones have already paid for. Bush's plan also includes more deductions for kids, education, charity, and marriage. In short, George Bush will reduce the tax burden for low and middle-income families.

Education is a primary concern for the Republican candidate. Bush favors charter schools and school vouchers. These would allow families freedom of choice regarding their children's education. Bush supports funding for state merit college scholarships and pre-paid college tuition tax credits. He also encourages early reading programs to help enhance the quality of American education. He supports tax exemptions for teachers who spend their own money on supplies.

George W. Bush is obviously the best choice for president. He cares about issues that directly affect our generation, and he has outlined a plan that will address those. America will benefit when Bush is elected. If that is not enough motivation to get young people voting, I don't know what is.

If you are interested in finding out more about George W. Bush, or you would like to help get this great man elected, contact Auburn College Republicans at jonesjb@mail.auburn.edu.



Photo from www.georgewbush.com

Gov. George Bush and Sen. Dick Cheney are running for the White House under the Republican ticket

For more information on the presidential election check out these Web sites:
www.issues2000.org
www.georgewbush.com
www.algore.com
www.votenader.com
www.buchananreform.com

AL GORE: PRESIDENTIAL PRIORITIES by Brandon Wilson

The University of Alabama and The University of Georgia are set to play a very intense game next week. Who do you put your money on? You are neither a fan of Alabama nor Georgia, but one thing is certain. You do not want Alabama to win. Having this certainty prompts you to bet money on the opposing team. The team that can beat the team you do not want to win.

This presidential election should be viewed the same way. I am a diehard fan of neither Bush nor Gore, but one thing is certain -- I do not want Bush to win. There are two major factors persuading me to give my vote to Gore and not Bush. They are the ambiguity of Bush's character and the amount of dependency he has toward corporations. Bush's high execution rate does not help him in my evaluation either.

What is George W. Bush all about? I do not know and many diehard republicans are not capable of giving a clear answer to this question either (well the ones I have asked). According to a Reader's Digest article titled, "Who Is George W. Bush, Really?" Morton Kondracke wrote Bush "has been endorsed by more than half the Republican House members, yet some of them have not shaken his hand."

However, what I do know is "Bush



drank excessively until the day after his 40th- birthday party in July 1986," wrote Kondracke. He uses obscene language when describing journalist (only when the microphone is off), and he is a

huge supporter of social security reform. These are all contributing factors that do not particularly sit well with me.

I do realize these claims are not clear indications of how effective a leader Bush can be, but they do provide an idea about what the real George Bush is all about. These claims do not paint the picture of the type of leader I envision having lead this country.

As far as his ability to be a competent leader, Reader's Digest surveys show that 45 percent of Texans cannot think of a major Bush achievement. The one major achievement I can attribute to Bush and his family is their great success in the oil business. This major achievement has allowed the Bush's to grow great dependencies on corporations.

If you know anything about politics then you are aware those elements have never proven beneficial to the public. The lack of dependencies toward corporations makes Ralph Nader an awesome choice for president. Unfortunately he can not beat the guy I do not want to win.

Gore is a supporter of social security, and has fewer dependencies (obvious

dependencies) on corporations. These attributes make him more likely to support social reform as opposed to supporting corporate influence. As vice president, Gore helped Clinton put our economy in the best shape it as ever been in, giving him valuable experience as a leader.

The experience being a vice president provides may not always be the best thing. George Bush Sr. started his presidency the same way and totally sucked during his tenure as president. However, from the information I have gathered on all the candidates Gore seems to be the next best thing. He may not be the best choice for president, but stands a great chance of beating the guy I know I do not want to win.



Photo from www.algore.com

Vice President Al Gore and Sen. Joseph Lieberman are the Democratic nominees in the election.

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process; however, it is my contention that abstaining from a vote merely shows apathy and an unwillingness to stand up for one's belief system. If one does not express concern and interest, one way or the other, he or she should be denied the right to help with the process, or disagree as the case may be, along the way. Secondly, it is our patriotic right as Americans to vote. Millions have died for our freedom and right to vote. Women's suffrage was bought at a deep price and commitment from its proponents in the 1920's. Millions around the world would give their lives just to bestow upon their children and other's children the right to provide input into the political decision-making process.

Every year, it seems, our country, state, county or city holds elections for some office. Even the university system allows input into its self-governance on the student level. It is often difficult to see the impact that one candidate can make on an individual's life, and even more difficult to see the impact of one vote from one student. In the large scheme of things, however, there is much benefit to be gained from taking the extra time to not only vote, but to become an educated voter as well. Each responsible person is entering into a contract with his or her government, giving input, and asking for something to be done, for rights and freedoms to be protected. It is a shame that more people, and specifically more students, are not responsible. It is time for us to take a stand for what we believe, even if it may be a simple check on a ballot. It is worth our time and effort, both for our own selves, and for our country.

THIRD PARTIES: NADER AND BUCHANAN



Nader2000

Government Of, By, And For The People ... Not Monied Interests.

Ralph Nader, famous for his hard-nosed attitude toward corporations, his modern-day muckracking, and his 1965 book *Unsafe at Any Speed: The Designed-In Dangers of the American Automobile*, is the Green Party candidate for president.

Along with running-mate Winona LaDuke, Nader promises to “end the dominance and corruption of our political system by the influence of big money,” according to his official campaign Web site. He also believes that the United States should withdraw from NAFTA and the World Trade

Organization, placing interest on workers, consumers and the environment, as opposed to multinational companies. As far as health care goes, Nader hopes to provide full medical coverage to all Americans.

At this point in the election, most political scientists agree that Nader and LaDuke have little to no chance of winning the election. However, if the Green Party receives a certain percentage of the popular votes in the election, it will receive national funding for the next presidential campaign.

Buchanan Foster

Pat Buchanan, senior adviser to three presidents and in his third campaign for president, is the Reform party candidate for president. In 1992 and 1996, Buchanan ran for the Republican nomination.

Along with running-mate Ezola Foster, the first African-American woman to be nominated in a national election, Buchanan promises to get the United States out of the International Monetary Fund and the World Trade Organization. He also says he will force the United

Nations out of the United States. Buchanan believes in the second amendment and does not want any law passed that will restrict people from owning guns, except for felons. Buchanan’s tax reform ideas include a “Small Business Bill of Rights,” which cuts federal taxes on small businesses, and it includes abolishing the death tax.

Buchanan also stands in a position to get enough of the popular vote to get government funding for the next campaign.



Untitled
Prismacolor
Miles Davis



Chaos
Monoprint



Untitled
Monoprint

Brent Newton

UNTITLED

by Patrick Crotty

See not the eyes on my face
but hear the notes I play for you
Let them say the words I relay
to paint a picture in your view

See not this body writhe but
take the song I have made
and bid it lovely in your own
Use it to give Sun the shade
tell me my love is now known

Taste not salt upon my brow
Shake the world with me tonight
I can change and show you how
Someday things will work out right

Feel not blood as it leaves my vein
drops enough have I to spare
close your eyes, ignore my pain
this is not mine to share

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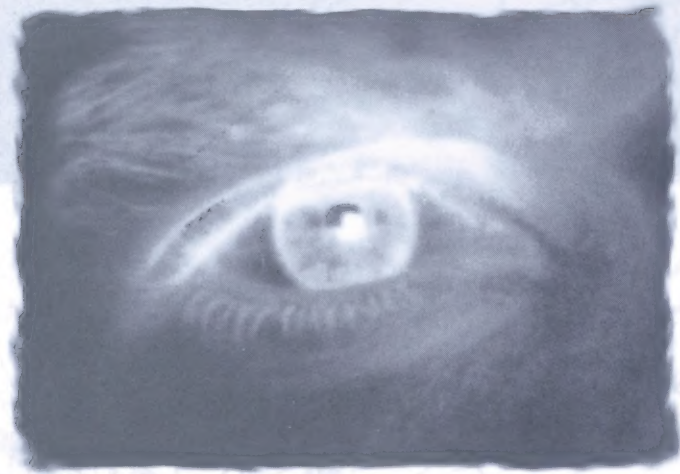
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